THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1891.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

WE have good reason for saying that the political situation, so far as the Home Rule party is concerned, is very much better than it is generally supposed to be. The announcement in the *Star* on Wednesday that MR. PARNELL had finally abandoned all intention of resuming the leadership of the Home Rule party is, we believe, true—and true even in a wider sense than most persons imagine. MR. PARNELL knows that his continued leadership is absolutely hopeless; that if he were to insist upon remaining at the head of the party, he would simply please the enemies of Ireland and alienate all its friends, and that no Irishman who enjoys the confidence of his fellow-countrymen would be found standing beside him in the struggle. The stories regarding the Boulogne conferences are almost entirely false, and are unquestionably entirely misleading—the invention, chiefly, of sensational newsmongers. We regret that MR. PARNELL'S conduct should have afforded any justification for these stories; but we believe that when the full truth is made known it will be found that the great crisis in Irish affairs has been settled in a manner which does credit to those who have had to carry out a very difficult and painful task.

THE first place in the events of the week must be given to the thaw which on Tuesday set in at last in good earnest. The temperature rose between 1 a.m. on Monday and the same hour on Tuesday some seventeen degrees. It was bad news for the skaters, and good news for the rest of the world. In London, in particular, this beneficent change in the weather brought deliverance from death to not a few, and escape from absolute misery to thousands. On Monday, when the Thames, as low down as London Bridge, was choked with great masses of floating ice, the Slum Sisters, if we may believe the *Pall Mall Gazette*, had been praying in every house they entered for "the thaw." On Tuesday, when the iron grasp of the great frost had been relaxed, the poor of the East End seemed to awake to a new life. Their sufferings for more than six weeks had been intense. How many brave men and women, battling with the hardships of life, had fallen in the fight during that time, none can ever know. But the mortality has been great, and the suffering terrible. Even now the winter is clearly not over, for we have had renewed frosts—happily slight in character—and several snowfalls since the breaking-up of the great frost. But we may fairly hope that the worst is over.

THE fight at Hartlepool has been waged with vigour during the week. It is unfortunate that the struggle should have been made to turn so largely upon personal rather than upon political issues; but for this fact the Unionist candidate and his friends are alone to blame. Having found a local candidate of quite unusual strength, the Tories have exerted themselves to make that personal strength tell as much as possible, whilst placing in the background those national issues which they profess to regard as of supreme importance. Some of the weapons, too, with which SIR WILLIAM GRAY and his friends have fought have been distinctly unfair. We place these facts on record now, in view of the possible triumph of the Tory candidate—a triumph which no honest man will be able to attribute to any growth of opinion in favour of the Ministry and its policy. On Saturday MR. GLADSTONE addressed a letter to MR. FURNESS, the Liberal candidate, in which, after referring to the action of the Irish Parliamentary party in deposing MR. PARNELL, and to the "odious system of coercion," he declared that the time had come for pressing for the adoption of a reform of the registration laws, by which the present delays in putting duly qualified persons on the register would be avoided, and no man would be allowed to have more than one vote.

IN some quarters this letter has been hailed as tantamount to an abandonment of Home Rule. Home Rule has been so often "abandoned," according to the declaration of Tory writers, that it is hardly necessary to point out the absurdity of this charge. The loyalty of the English Liberals to the Home Rule cause can only be affected by one thing—the deliberate assumption by the Irish members of an attitude of open hostility to English Home Rulers. Unless and until that revolutionary change on the part of the Irish representatives takes place, there will certainly be no abandonment of Home Rule on the part of the Liberals of Great Britain. But the demand for that reform of the electoral laws which is needed to give the nation full control over its own representative Chamber, is one which can be put forward independently of any other political cry whatever. To say that we are giving up the object for which we are contending, because we are making this attempt to reform an antiquated and clumsy system devised in the interests of class and privilege, is as absurd as it would be to charge a general in the field with retreating before the enemy because he called upon his troops to sharpen their swords.

MR. MORLEY has been the chief speaker of the week. We have discussed elsewhere the principal points of his first speech at Newcastle, in which he simply adhered to the old lines of the Home Rule policy represented by MR. GLADSTONE. The complaints heard in some quarters as to there being "nothing new" in what he said strike us as more than a little unreasonable. He certainly did not go to Newcastle to formulate a new policy. His purpose was to show that the storm which has raged during the last six weeks has not in the slightest degree affected the real merits of the old policy—in other words, that the Liberal movement in favour of Home Rule is founded upon the rock and not upon the sand. His tone towards MR. PARNELL was free from anything like acerbity, though his repudiation of MR. PARNELL'S representation of his words and acts was clear and decisive.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT has spoken out on the Irish Question in a letter to a correspondent. His letter amounts to much the same thing as MR. MORLEY'S speech. The fate of Home Rule is at present in the hands of Irishmen. If they stand by the cause, and resist MR. PARNELL'S attempt to drag Ireland into the abyss into which he himself has fallen, all will be well. If, on the other hand, the Irish people take the advice of LORD SALISBURY and the *Times*, and retain MR. PARNELL, Home Rule is lost. The letter is written with the force and clearness usual in SIR WILLIAM'S utterances, and

has of course made his opponents furiously angry. There is nothing in the speeches of MR. CHAMBERLAIN during the week to call for notice; but one delivered by LORD DERBY in Manchester on Thursday was notable, because of the emphasis with which he trampled upon the notion that Home Rule has been killed by MR. PARNELL'S adventures in the Divorce Court and elsewhere. "It will take a great deal of killing yet," says LORD DERBY; and he is right.

LAST Saturday and Sunday MR. PARNELL visited Limerick, and delivered certain speeches which the *Times* considered worthy of being reported *verbatim* in its columns. There is no need to dwell upon the curious magnanimity with which that journal now treats its former victim and persistent enemy. Irishmen, however, may well reflect upon the fact that it is among the enemies of their country that MR. PARNELL'S present utterances meet with the greatest amount of favour. Of the speeches themselves little need be said. The most curious feature they presented was the resolute determination of the speaker to believe that anybody and everybody must be in the wrong except himself. Once more ignoring the Divorce Court and its disgraceful revelations, he boldly maintained that MR. GLADSTONE was the author of the present situation. He again sought to defend himself from the charge of breaking confidence; presented a new version of the Hawarden interview as full of falsehood and deliberate misrepresentation as was the original one; flattered MR. O'BRIEN in words which compare curiously with his abuse of that gentleman when he believed him to have taken the other side; and showed all his old ability in his attempt to cajole those whom he still hopes to win to his cause, whilst heaping venomous abuse upon all whom he regards as his opponents, including the bishops and clergy of Ireland. It is a pity that MR. PARNELL does not realise one all-important fact. That is, that he has now proved himself, out of his own mouth, to be a man utterly regardless of the truth, and therefore a man whose utterances decent persons can only regard with an indifference closely bordering upon contempt. If, however, his object is to inflict a fatal wound on the cause of Home Rule, he could not seek to attain it by better methods than those which he has now adopted.

THE Behring Sea Fisheries Question has entered upon a new stage this week, owing to the action taken by the English Government in seeking to submit the dispute to the Supreme Court of the United States. This action has excited an immense amount of indignation among American politicians, and appears to be regarded as being almost an insult to MR. BLAINE and the American Government. It is difficult to understand the reasoning which leads Americans to take this view of a step which, though very unusual, may be regarded as a compliment of the highest kind to the character of the Supreme Court. It is still doubtful whether the application to that Court for a hearing of the case will be granted; but if the Court should grant a writ, the diplomatic controversy will at least be greatly simplified by the decision of the chief American authority on the points of law over which the two Governments are now contending.

HAS any English paper yet noticed two curious proposals in the direction of State Socialism recently made in Denmark? One—the more moderate—is to give every agricultural labourer a small allotment of garden ground rent-free: that he may grow fruit for jam. The other—supported by the more advanced section of the Radicals—is a scheme of State pensions to all men and women without means, from the age of sixty-two till death, of one hundred kroner (rather over five pounds) annually in the country; one hundred and fifty kroner in certain towns; and two hundred kroner in Copenhagen. No sort of antecedent payment is to be made for these pensions, though a moderate payment will ensure an additional pension. In their present form neither project seems defensible. But the latter is worth consideration by advocates of reform of the poor law and of State pensions—among the latter of whom we are to count the Liberal candidate for West Hartlepool.

CIRCUMSTANCES and the action of the ultra-nationalist Slavs seem likely together to make a solitude of some parts of Russia. In some districts in the south, according to official documents, every man, woman, and child, suffers from what we may euphemistically call a horrible contagious and inheritable disease, whose ravages are worse than at the worst time of the Middle Ages. A bad season means, to most of the peasants, starvation; the Jewish emigration has been renewed, though it is said the anti-Jewish laws are suspended for three years; and now the fanatical Slavophils are renewing their outcry against the German colonists. Five foreign settlers, mostly Germans, enter Russia for every four emigrants; and now it is said that they are planted by speculators, partly for strategic purposes, and that one colony, aided by the railway they have made, could in time of war surprise and seize the fortress of Doubno. Some of the Governors are taking a census of the colonists in their provinces, and Government action is not altogether unlikely.

THERE has been during the week a general rise upon the Stock Exchange. Consols have advanced to 97⅛, only 1½ lower than the highest quotation of last year. There has also been a recovery in Colonial bonds, and in railway preference and debenture stocks. But the greatest rise has been in the market for American railroad securities. The general belief is that MR. JAY GOULD, during the recent crisis, bought immense quantities of these stocks, that he is now anxious to sell at a handsome profit, and that with his confederates he is manipulating the market in the hope of inducing the public to come in and buy from him. His manœuvres are aided by the excessive ease in the money markets of Europe and America, and by the reports so persistently spread that the American railroad companies will certainly enter into arrangements which will prevent wars of rates, and the construction of competitive lines, for years to come. There has also been more activity in the market for South African gold shares than for a long time past, resulting in a very general rise of prices.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thurs day made no change in their rate of discount. In some quarters it was expected that they would reduce it, as on the previous day the rate in the open market had fallen to 2¼ per cent., and the joint-stock and private banks were unable to lend for the night their surplus balances even at 1 per cent. It is matter for congratulation, however, that the Directors have not done so, for already a demand for gold for Holland and Brazil has sprung up. There is also some demand for Spain, and there are likely before long to be withdrawals for other countries, especially Germany, South Africa, and India. Besides, no one can foresee what may happen in the United States with a new Silver Bill likely to pass. Lastly, distrust and discredit continue here at home, in America, and upon the Continent; while the revolution in Chili and the progress of the crisis in the Argentine Republic may cause further trouble. The price of silver has somewhat fluctuated during the week. It has, however, risen to 48½d. per ounce, as it is now thought likely that Congress will pass the Silver Bill, and that it will not be vetoed by the President. There has likewise been a rise in silver securities generally.

MR. MORLEY'S SPEECH.

IT is the opinion of a writer in the *Times* that Mr. Morley, in his speech at Newcastle on Tuesday, did not rise above the level of "threadbare commonplace." The phrase was an awkwardly dangerous one when used by a person writing in that particular column of the *Times* which for the past five years has been associated with stale vituperation alike of English and Irish statesmen, and the wearisome iteration of the pompous platitudes which, in Unionist circles, are accepted in lieu of argument. Yet there was a certain measure of truth, little suspected by the *Times* writer himself, in his description of Mr. Morley's speech. His arguments are old; his truths are commonplace. The same may be said of the Ten Commandments, or the Sermon on the Mount, or Magna Charta itself. Where men are compelled, year after year, to deal with the same general facts, applying them to the same broad problem, they cannot pretend to indulge in new arguments, or in those fanciful devices by means of which clever politicians sometimes seek to tickle the ears of the groundlings. Mr. Morley has done good service to the country by bringing out the one clear fact that the Irish Question stands very much where it did, despite the storms and dissensions, the treason and the violence, of the past six weeks. We are all agreed as to the iniquity of Mr. Parnell's conduct—as to its selfishness and its treachery. We admit with pain that he is now the worst enemy of Ireland, possessed with a capacity for injuring the National cause which makes him a thousand times more formidable than Mr. Balfour and his band of admirers and sycophants. But we refuse to identify Ireland with the name of the man who has betrayed and dishonoured her, or the Irish cause with his attempt to gratify his own mean and selfish purposes.

This is the stand which Mr. Morley takes, and in taking which he makes himself the representative and spokesman of all that is best in the Liberal party. That party took up the cause of Home Rule five years ago under the pressure of a conviction long resisted, and at last accepted with something like compunction. It took it up because it had at last slowly and reluctantly come to the conclusion that the Irish policy of the British people had been proved by the experience of eighty years to be a ghastly and hopeless failure. It may be that its sense of this truth was quickened by the fact that the failure had affected the interests of England almost as much as the interests of Ireland. On the one side we saw a country which for fourscore years had endured alternate vicissitudes of cuffing and kissing; where the population was for ever on the verge of starvation, and on the verge of revolt; and where the one avenue to public life which was open to any man in three of the four provinces was the avowal of an unquenchable hatred of the English Government. On the other side we saw our own domestic affairs entangled and confused, useful legislation delayed, ministries overthrown, even our foreign relations complicated, and the national peace endangered, by the existence in the House of Commons, in the constituencies of Great Britain, and in the United States, of a strong body of Irishmen inspired by feelings of the bitterest hostility to the Government of the United Kingdom. These were the stubborn arguments which led Mr. Gladstone and his followers in 1885 and 1886 to face the great Irish problem in a new spirit, with a fixed resolve to see whether it was not capable of being solved honourably and safely, by the adoption of different methods from those by which it had hitherto been treated. Mr. Morley on Tuesday indicated, lightly but clearly, the existence of these grave factors in the Irish Question. We would like to ask the people who have been frightened away from the Home Rule cause by recent events—the people who, last November, would have voted for a Liberal candidate, but who would vote to-day for a Tory—whether any one of these arguments has been affected in even the slightest degree by the misconduct of Mr. Parnell. They know in their hearts that it is not so; they know that whatever exultant Tories or half-hearted Liberals may say in their folly, the Irish Question remains where it did, and demands an answer in tones as imperious as those which it used five years ago, when Ireland sent an almost united representation of Home Rulers to Parliament, to force the people of England and Scotland to reconsider their Irish policy.

"Home Rule is dead," cry the parrots on both sides. Be it so. What, then, is to follow Home Rule? Do the people who exult over the check which has been received by Mr. Gladstone in his great work of pacification and conciliation—the greatest and noblest work to which an English statesman has ever set his hands—ask themselves what would follow supposing that check were to prove fatal to the work? Do they ever think of what it would mean in the House of Commons? They have exulted over the brutality, the hypocrisy, and the mendacity of Mr. Parnell's methods when applied to his own colleagues in Committee Room No. 15. How would they like to see the same methods employed in the House of Commons for the purpose of obstructing business and demoralising a political party which declined to do justice to Ireland? Do they really think that the abandonment of Home Rule by the English Liberals would so far satisfy the Irish voters in America that we should be able henceforth to conduct delicate negotiations with the Secretary of State at Washington without any thought of the Irish vote in the American elections? And in Ireland—would the death of Home Rule be followed by the reign of peace? Would Fenianism calmly close its eyes, fold its arms upon its breast, and lie down to expire gently by the side of the lost cause? Would the Invincibles, the Dynamiters, the host of violent and wicked agencies which have been driven from the field by the union of English Liberals and Irish Home Rulers, fail to make use of the opportunity offered to them when that field was once more left empty? These are a few of the questions which it behoves the people who are talking of Home Rule as dead, and who complain of Mr. Morley's brilliant speech as "threadbare commonplace," to answer before they fortify themselves in the strong delusion in which they have found a refuge for their troubled souls.

The Irish Question, as Mr. Morley has shown, remains where it did—in all its awkwardness, in all its difficulty, in all its danger. As for the paltry arguments of those who think that the debates in Room No. 15, or the occasional disagreements during the election at Kilkenny, have "proved the unfitness of Irishmen for Home Rule," we can only say that it would be absurd and hopeless to attempt to refute such feeble, fatuous nonsense. The Irish, so far in this struggle, have proved their right to self-government by the very courage and tenacity with which they have clung to their opinions, by their resolute independence, and by the statesmanship which has not been wanting on the side of those who have thrown off the yoke of Mr. Parnell. It is for Irishmen, not for Englishmen, to put an end to the present crisis. Nobody, it is true, will kill Home Rule. The great problem will not be stifled even by the treason of Mr. Parnell. But it does lie at this

moment with the people of Ireland to say whether the next ten years shall witness the peaceful solution of old difficulties and the triumphant consummation of long-cherished hopes, or whether they shall be devoted, as so many past years have been, to the perpetuation of ancient feuds, to the ever-growing embitterment of the relations not only of the two countries but of the two races throughout the world, and to the hopeless attempt of English statesmen to discharge their duties to the Empire, whilst struggling with the burden of Irish obstruction in the House and Irish disaffection in the constituencies. This is the problem which the people of Ireland are called upon to solve, and it is indeed curious to think that there are Englishmen so absolutely blinded to its real nature, as to look forward with exultant joy to the possibility of a solution which would give the next ten years of our history the dreary, we might even say the tragical, character we have tried to describe.

THE STRIKES AND THE LAW OF STRIKES.

FOR weeks the outlook in the industrial world has been bad, and never was it worse than in that which closes while we write. The two great Scotch railways, employing thousands of men, are in a state of disorganisation. Long lines of laden trucks stand idle; urgent orders remain unfulfilled; the supply of coals runs short at many points; and the passenger traffic, though not so much out of gear as the goods traffic, is conducted under an ever-present sense of danger. Could we stand by the cold hearths of the strikers, we should see worse still; incalculable must be the misery suffered by them and their families in those inclement weeks. Whatever be the result of the struggle between the Caledonian and North British Railway Companies and their men—and the prospects of the strikers are now by no means good—it must be a disaster to the community. To us, the gloomiest circumstance is not the loss of wealth, nor even the misery coming in the train of a great strike, but the absence of any feasible suggestion for ending or even mitigating the fury of the strife. Mr. Burns says, "Fight on"; Mr. Thompson says the same to his company. We do not pretend to see clearly the final outcome of an industrial convulsion comparable in magnitude and consequence to that which in the fourteenth century led to the destruction of villenage. The profoundest economists must speak with doubt of that new birth with which our time is in labour. But two comments which have not been made upon the controversy are not unimportant. In the first place, it will no longer do to say, as has been so often said by employers, "We will not deal with the so-called representatives of the men; we do not recognise their authority; we will treat, if at all, directly with the men." Not merely is it out of the question in these days to ignore such men as Mr. Harford, but it is pretty plain that it is only possible to end such disputes as the present by dealing with the despised and maligned delegates. The notion that discontent always originates with "agitators"—that is, agents of the men, the equivalents of the directors, officials, solicitors, and other paid representatives of capital—and that peace would come but for their interested action, is a sheer delusion. It will probably be admitted by many of those who know most about the inner history of the controversies of the last few weeks between railway companies and their servants, that the reverse is nearer the truth, and that, but for the fact that the agents of the men are on the whole interested in accepting reasonable terms and in not counselling the pursuit of desperate courses, the possibility of a compromise would be gone. Our second observation is this: it is well-nigh hopeless, when the parties to a dispute have passed a certain point, to induce them to accept arbitrament—at all events, until one of the two is conscious that he is beaten. The failure of the well-meant efforts of Mr. Haldane and Lord Provost Boyd to settle the dispute illustrates this; and everywhere, except as to labour or capital, this fact is recognised. Merchants agree as to the mode of arbitration before any differences have arisen. Why should not employers and workmen do the same? Why should not every great industry have its Chamber of Conciliation, composed of representatives of capital and labour, to which in the first instance a resort should be made when a dispute arose? Why should not there be a general extension of the Conciliation scheme formulated a year ago by the London Chamber of Commerce? We do not make the suggestion under any foolish belief that it would solve the difficulties which disturb industry; it could be but at best an alleviation—a breakwater sufficient to resist all but very high tides of pressure. And these are not times in which any device likely to any appreciable degree to diminish the frequency or fury of struggles certain, under the present *régime*, to recur, is to be neglected.

A new turn to the controversy about strikes has been given by the decision of Mr. Bompas, Q.C., Recorder of Plymouth. Mr. Treleaven, a coal merchant of that city, employed non-union men as coal-porters. Thereupon the three local union secretaries made a call-out in the following terms:—"Inasmuch as Mr. Treleaven still insists upon employing non-union men, we, your officials, call upon all union men to leave their work. Use no violence, use no immoderate language, but quietly cease to work and go home." The union men did as they were told; they stopped work. Mr. Treleaven proceeded against the secretaries; the magistrates convicted them; and the Recorder affirmed the convictions. He did so, as we understand his decision, on two grounds. In the first place, he says that a conspiracy to do "an intentional injury to the trade of another" is indictable at common law. In the second place, the Conspiracy and Protection of Property Act, 1875, does not in his opinion legalise such conduct. True, by Section 3, "an agreement or combination by two or more persons to do or to procure to be done any act in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute between employers and workmen should not be indictable as a conspiracy if such act committed by one person would not be punishable as a crime"; but this is cut down, it is said, by Section 7, which still renders liable to punishment "every person who, with a view to compel any other person to abstain from doing or to do any other act which such person has a legal right to do or abstain from doing, wrongfully and without legal authority uses violence or intimidates such person." Now, Mr. Bompas found as a fact that Mr. Treleaven was reasonably afraid of injury to his property—that is, was intimidated. From the decision we entirely dissent. There are, to be sure, rulings of judges, never approved or brought under review in a Court of Appeal, giving this wide meaning to intimidation. But "intimidate" has acquired in law no technical sense; it is to be read in its ordinary sense unless the Act indicates the contrary—which we suggest it does not; and the history of the Act of 1875 forbids the idea that Section 7 was intended by a side-wind to withdraw that which seems so plainly given by Section 3. At all events, if Mr. Bompas be right, we must do as was done when the

decision in the gas-stokers' case showed the defects in the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1871, now repealed. The Bill prepared by Mr. Edmund Robertson, M.P., to amend the law of conspiracy, will, with a few words inserted, be sufficient. The law as expounded by Mr. Bompas cannot be suffered to remain. It would be intolerable to make the use of the innocent words which we have quoted an offence.

THE CHILIAN CRISIS.

AS we write it is still uncertain whether, as reported last week, there has been a revolution in Chili. A New York telegram states that the navy has revolted, but a Buenos Ayres telegram alleges that only one squadron has declared against the President; while the Chilian Minister in Paris, in an interview with the representative of a newspaper, asserts that only three ships out of thirty-one had gone over to the Opposition. He adds that the army is on the side of the Government. But as we are told that a strict censorship of the telegraphic messages is maintained, it is uncertain how far we can trust to these reports. Whatever may be the truth, a revolution seems only too likely; for the struggle between the President and the Chambers has become so bitter that for months past an outbreak has seemed imminent. In many respects, the political condition of Chili reminds us of that of England in the early years of George the Third. Practically, the Government heretofore has been monopolised by a few great families at Santiago. They have appointed Presidents and dictated the policy of the Republic. But almost from the very outset of his administration President Balmaceda has been at variance with them, and with the Chambers which they influence. The real character of the President is not easy to understand, for all the organs of public opinion are controlled by his opponents; and by them he is of course described as an ambitious man, arbitrary, violent, and obstinate, who in the pursuit of his own ends is totally reckless of the interests of the country. But if this be true, he may plead in his defence that the Chambers and great families that inspire them are no more public-spirited than himself. The Chambers are split up into a multitude of parties, which, like the groups in the French Chamber just before the rise of Boulangism, are constantly combining and separating, so that a stable administration seems to be hardly possible. In fact there have been nearly twenty Cabinets since President Balmaceda entered office, the life of each being about three months. Of course his opponents point to this incessant change of Ministry as proof of the President's impracticability. His predecessors, they argue, had no such difficulty to contend with, and he cannot keep his Cabinets because he is overbearing in manner, devoid of tact, wanting in statesmanship, and aiming at objects which worthy men will not assist. Whether the fault rests with the President, or with the Chambers, or with both, it is at all events certain that early last year, in a message to the Chambers, the President recommended a series of reforms which would have limited very greatly his own powers, while no doubt they would destroy the influence of the great families. In effect his recommendations were to adopt a system very like that of the United States—that is to say, Home Rule for the provinces and a Supreme Court with power to decide upon the constitutionality of all laws passed. Of course it is possible that in this he was inspired only by the hope of "dishing the Whigs." But it seems more probable that he is honestly persuaded that a sweeping reform is urgently needed.

The President's term of office comes to an end next September, and his great desire at present is to secure the appointment of a successor. It is not disputed that hitherto each outgoing President has chosen his successor, and arranged for his election. No doubt, if Señor Balmaceda were on good terms with the great families, he would be allowed to do so also. But as he is not, his electioneering manœuvres are fiercely denounced, and Cabinet after Cabinet has been driven from office on charges of illegal interference with the constituencies. The President, it will be understood, appoints the Governors of Provinces, and they appoint the subordinate officials. Practically, therefore, he has control of the whole administrative service of the Republic, and through this service he is able to manage the electors just as the Minister of the Interior does in France. In June last, the Chamber of Deputies by seventy to one passed a vote of censure on the Ministers, stating that their continuance in office was contrary to constitutional practice. The President disregarded the vote, and about a week later, by sixty votes to twenty-nine, the Deputies refused permission to the Government to collect the taxes. The President replied in a manifesto in which he declared that he would maintain intact the powers conferred upon him by the people and the constitution. As he was debarred from collecting the taxes, he gave notice to the banks which held large sums of Government money on deposit that he would require the money in thirty days. This caused very nearly a panic in the Money Market, as the banks, of course, were obliged to call in loans they had made. The excitement was increased by the bringing up of troops from the outlying provinces to the capital. Naturally, the Opposition regarded this as an attempt to overawe Congress and stifle the freedom of debate, while the President's supporters declared that the only object was to insure the maintenance of order. Just then riots broke out in the nitrate districts of Tarapaca, and, in the heated partisan spirit of the time, it was believed by many that they were instigated by the President in his hatred of the English nitrate companies, the real truth being that the depreciation of the paper currency lowered wages so much that the *employés* were justified in demanding an advance, and succeeded in getting it. The strikes were unfortunately accompanied, as already said, by violent riots, which were not suppressed until after blood had been shed. The riots in Tarapaca were followed by other riots in Valparaiso, where again troops had to be used to restore order. At length an arrangement between the President and the Chambers was brought about, and a "Conciliation Ministry" was appointed early in August. But in the first week of October it resigned, five out of the six Ministers declaring that they retired because of the President's personal interference in electoral affairs, and because the President, when required, refused to remove the officials who had been active in putting pressure upon the electors. On the 18th of October, at a great meeting in Santiago, it was resolved that "It is the duty of all honest citizens of the Republic, without distinction of party, to unite in their efforts to resist, by legal means as long as the Government keeps within constitutional bounds, and by every possible means when it oversteps them."

The President, however, was not frightened. A Congressional Committee, known as the *Comision Conservadora*, which sits at Santiago while the Chambers are not in session, called upon the President to summon Congress for the discussion of important measures. He merely acknowledged the

receipt of this communication, which the committee regarded as a slight to itself, and it once more called upon him to convoke Congress. Apparently, however, he has remained obstinate; and according to the latest mail news he had ordered troops to hurry up from the provinces to the capital, to be prepared for any revolutionary movement. It will be seen that the crisis is almost entirely political. It may have been slightly aggravated by the depression in the copper-mining and nitrate industries, the latter especially suffering much at present. No doubt, also, it has been somewhat accentuated by the depreciation of the paper money. The paper dollar, which was worth in gold at the end of 1888 29d., has now fallen to 22d.—a fall of over 24 per cent. And this depreciation necessarily presses heavily upon the poorer classes, inasmuch as it raises greatly the prices of all imported articles. Still, these are only subsidiary and unimportant influences. The real cause of the crisis is political; and it has become acute just now because of the eagerness of both parties to make sure that the next President shall be on their own side. It is this which induces those who best know the country to believe that a revolution is inevitable if the President does not submit. Whether he will do so depends mainly, of course, upon the attitude of the army. As has been seen above, the navy, or at all events part of it, is on the side of the Chambers. But there is more doubt respecting the army. The most eminent officers, those who gained distinction in the Peruvian war, who may, therefore, be supposed to have most influence with the soldiery, are believed to be opposed to the President, as they are almost all of them aristocrats. But the President has been weeding out the officers on whom he could not rely, and, it is said, entrusting the commands of importance only to those on whom he could count. If this be really so, and if these officers can carry their men with them, then the President may be able to hold his ground, and to put down an insurrectionary movement. On the other hand, if both the army and the navy declare against him, he must either submit or resign. In all probability we shall not have to wait long for the event.

MORE TROUBLE IN TICINO.

THE circumstances of the revolution in Ticino last September have probably not yet faded from the memory of the English public. For twenty-six years the Clericals or Conservatives and the Liberals (many of whom are sufficiently devout Catholics to pray to the Virgin for success at the polls) have been bitterly hostile; and for sixteen years the crisis has been more or less acute. Under the cantonal Constitution, however, the clerical minority is, as it happens, greatly over-represented, and so the Conservatives have always had the advantage. How last summer the Liberals duly presented a formal demand for a popular vote on the revision of the Constitution, how the cantonal Government made pretexts for delay, how the Liberals then appealed to the Federal Council, and how, while it was preparing to deliberate, a Provisional Government was set up by force; how Federal intervention was necessitated, how the revision by a Constituent Assembly to be specially elected was carried by a narrow majority, and how, after repeated "conciliation conferences," a Coalition Government was set up to conduct the elections, is probably, as the late Professor T. Green used to say of the inconsistencies he had detected in the philosophical works of Hume, "within the recollection of the most careless student" of foreign politics.

This week, however, a new difficulty has arisen, the solution of which it is not easy to foresee. For some time it has been clear that the Liberals were dissatisfied with the proceedings of the Coalition Government, and that, depending as they did largely on the votes of non-residents, they had not much prospect of a second victory. This prospect has been diminished, as they allege, by the arbitrary application of the registration laws in favour of the dominant party, who have, moreover, adopted an ingenious trick—"the double list"—which we do not recollect to have heard of before. The law allows any ten electors in a district to nominate a list of candidates. Each district returns several members, and, to secure the representation of minorities, no voter can vote for the whole number. Nor may any voter produce a "mixed ticket" by "scratching" candidates from the list he adopts and substituting other names. He must vote some one of the regular tickets, and vote it entire. If then, besides the regular party tickets another list is put out, containing (let us say) some Conservative and some Independent candidates, it is clear that personal preferences for the latter will attract some voters away from the "straight" Liberal ticket, and that the Conservatives, whose names are on this second ticket, will get the substantial part of the benefit. The Independent, or non-political, candidates thus serve as mere decoys. The Conservatives have practised this device extensively, and the Liberals, though they have availed themselves of it in two districts, finding that it tends to the advantage of their adversaries, first vainly protested to the Federal Council, and then decided—partly on this ground, partly because of the alleged tampering with the registers—to abstain entirely from voting. The decision was not arrived at without a struggle; but once reached, it has been loyally maintained. Last Sunday the voting took place. Out of twenty-five thousand electors, less than ten thousand went to the poll—Conservatives almost to a man. In one village no votes were cast at all; in others less than a dozen; and, as compared with last October, even the Conservative vote showed a decline—no doubt because the contest was felt to be meaningless. Usually, in Continental elections, a candidate must obtain an absolute majority of the constituency; and this, in many cases, must have been impossible last Sunday. Apparently this rule does not hold good in Ticino; but a Constituent Assembly with a mandate from a minority to revise the Constitution is necessarily destitute of moral weight; and the result of its labours is not very likely to obtain the assent of the people when finally submitted to a popular vote. The Liberals will continue to protest, and the Federal Council, with its Radical tendencies, can hardly refuse them its support.

At first sight, of course, the Liberals seem like children playing, who when they see that they are losing, say "You're cheating; I shan't play any more." And if politics were only a game, this criticism would be fair enough. But the Liberals have real and substantial grievances—malversation of public funds, underhand and dishonourable conduct on the part of the Government, and scandalous perversion of justice. When they can muster all their voters, they have a small majority. But like other inhabitants of the Italian Alps, the Ticinese emigrate extensively. The local papers of both parties can be purchased in London; and there is a Hôtel Ticino in the foreign quarter of New York. They may leave their country as Conservatives; they return as advanced Liberals: and their numbers are swollen at election time by their compatriots domiciled elsewhere in Switzerland,

and by the natives of other cantons domiciled in Ticino, whose right to vote on this occasion has only been established by an appeal to the Federal Council. But these enlightened Ticinese are always outvoted by the representatives of the immensely over-represented mountain districts, who are said to be controlled to some extent by petty local landlords, of the type of the Irish squireen of former days, and who certainly are completely under clerical influence. Already the revolution in Ticino has suggested some curious points in the theory of Federalism, and caused the decision of one important problem in international law. It has now raised another question—What amount of moral weight attaches to a popular vote when more than half the electors practise abstention? And as far as can be seen at present, the deadlock—for such it practically is—can only be solved by renewed Federal intervention, probably at the expense of strict cantonal independence.

LESSONS FROM THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

THE official report on the manœuvres of last year is worth more careful study than it is likely to receive. Of all the operations carried out in recent years, none have been so instructive and practical as the last. There were no mock actions between ships, no simulated bombardments of undefended towns, and the correspondents were deprived alike of picturesque material and of the special opportunities for arriving at misleading conclusions in regard to questions of coast defence which presented themselves in former years. The opposing fleets not having come into contact, and the "enemy" having remained undisturbed for several days on the trade route laid down by the rules of the game, it is perhaps natural that on the one hand the "general idea" should have been blamed, and on the other hand that new and unsuspected dangers to commerce should have been assumed to stand revealed. The Admiralty has done excellent service in laying something more than a mere report on the operations before the country. The objects sought to be attained are clearly expounded; the general theory of naval manœuvres is lucidly explained; and certain deductions of great value are drawn from the fully known circumstances.

Manœuvres, apart from their special aims, are practical tests of mobilising power. While all deductions are open to question as soon as fleets are brought into contact, and even the commerce-destroying potentiality of a free fleet is a matter of debate, the actual mobilisation of squadrons at least is more than the counterfeit of war. "Mobilisation has no necessary connection with grand manœuvres; but . . . the forces brought together . . . can be utilised conveniently to solve . . . tactical or strategical problems which would present themselves, probably at an early stage of the contest, if we are ever engaged in a maritime war." The order for partial mobilisation was issued on the 21st of July. On the following day, 24 ships and 24 torpedo-boats were put in commission, and 12 armour-clads had their crews completed. "On the 26th, four days after commissioning, 33 of the above 36 ships, and all the torpedo-boats, had reached the points of assembly." This is a result with which the country may well be satisfied, and it is one which no other Power could have equalled.

The "fleet evolutions" having ended, and the mobilised ships having practised with shotted guns—a most necessary measure omitted in previous years—the enemy's (C) squadron of eight battle-ships, with twelve cruisers and other vessels, under Vice-Admiral Sir M. Culme Seymour, assembled at Berehaven; the "British" (A) fleet of nine battle-ships and thirteen other vessels, commanded by Vice-Admiral Sir G. Tryon, concentrated at Plymouth; and a reserve (B) squadron of six armour-clads and four other vessels, under Commodore Powlett, rested at Portland. On the 8th of August, the three fleets received a telegram—"Hostilities are to begin at 5 p.m. on the 8th of August, and will end at 5 p.m. on the 18th of August." The same night a little flotilla of the enemy's torpedo-boats dashed across the Channel from Alderney and delivered an admirably conceived and executed attack on the squadron at Plymouth. The umpires pronounce no verdict on the operation, and the hopeless conflict of evidence renders definite deductions impossible; but the A squadron was at least partially surprised, and five ships were struck by torpedoes, two of them twice. Given the unprotected state of the fleet, the distribution adopted at the anchorage, and the nerve shown by the torpedo-boat commanders, it is difficult to believe that damage would not have been inflicted. One thing, at least, is certain. If ever a torpedo-boat attack on a fleet in port is to be successful, these "Rowdies"—so called by an ill-advised correspondent—have shown the way; and that the British Navy will find an abundance of young officers eager to show equal dash in presence of a real enemy, there is no doubt.

With this incident, the excitement of the manœuvres practically ended. Sir G. Tryon dexterously transferred his base to Scilly, moving up his colliers under the guardianship of the *Hotspur*, and thence proceeded to scour a large section of the prescribed trade route, maintaining communication with England, and holding his fleet well in hand in expectation of attack. The useful chart issued by the Admiralty shows the great tract of water thus covered, extending about 250 miles from Land's End. Within this large area, an enemy could not have operated undetected, nor could he well have avoided an action. Sir M. Seymour, however, though disposing of a force little inferior to that of his opponent, avoided all risk of contact, and, leaving Berehaven on the 8th of August, struck the trade route at midnight on the 10th, "at a point where it was 180 miles wide, and where no concentration of traffic could be looked for." Fearing a failure of coal supply, he directed three colliers, "engaged to carry coal to the ships lying in harbour or safe anchorage, or wherever coal may be safely transshipped within the coasting limits" to a rendezvous south of the Azores. Here, favoured by the sea, he was able to partly coal his ships on the last day of hostilities. It would be interesting to know the amount of coal with which these vessels returned to port, since the possible injury inflicted on the trade route, as well as the safety of the fleet thus launched far into the Atlantic, evidently depended upon coal endurance.

Although it is to be regretted that the arrangements made by Sir G. Tryon for concentrating his command for action were not tested, in consequence of the unexpected movement of his opponent, the manœuvres were by no means deprived of their value on this account. The A fleet covered the most important "neck of commerce" of the Empire, and maintained its communication with England. Within the sphere of its action the *guerre de course* was impossible, and only a powerful hostile squadron willing to offer action could have ventured. It was thus shown that skilfully handled armour-clads can take their part in the protection of commerce without abandoning their *rôle* of battle-ships. This is one of the many possibilities arising under modern conditions, which will undoubtedly enter into future wars. Another important result is "that opinions on the effective radius of torpedo-boat action will have to be reconsidered." It has been assumed that this radius is practically limited to a few hours, since severe strain is entailed upon the officers, who must, nevertheless, retain their nerve and readiness of resource unimpaired for the moment of attack. No. 87 boat, however, showed that "a continuous run of four hundred and twenty miles could be made;" and the ability displayed in the attack on the Plymouth fleet,

after a rush across the crowded Channel by night, proved that mental and physical fatigue had not supervened.

It is now abundantly clear that more can be done with torpedo-boats than was anticipated; but the lesson is hardly one to cause alarm. In the old wars it was the British Navy which specially shone in cutting-out expeditions, of which torpedo-boat attacks are but the modern counterparts, and the genius of the nation remains unchanged. Coaling at sea has received practical demonstration, but is a mere matter of time and circumstance. The rendezvous must be kept; the weather must be favourable; and the advantage to be derived from the use of temporary coaling bases will lie with the Power which is strongest upon the high seas. Sir G. Hornby has drawn attention to the need of fast cruisers which the manœuvres serve to accentuate, and although his figures appear to be open to question, there can be no doubt of the urgency of the need. Information quickly obtained will be worth everything in war, and the rapid and unexpected movements of which modern fleets are capable will make severe demands upon the scouts.

There are other lessons to be learned from the manœuvres of 1890, but none calculated to cause alarm. The enemy's fleet spent about a week upon the prescribed trade route, at a point of little density, and where many captures could not have been made, even if the ordinary peace courses of mercantile steamers were adhered to. The movements of this fleet were not discovered for want of fast, far-ranging cruisers. To arrest its action for a brief space was probably impossible; but the limit of coal endurance was nearly reached, and it would have been caught if making for any Channel port.

British commerce can be more effectively protected at the end than at the beginning of the century, provided that the Navy is maintained at a strength proportionate to Imperial requirements; but modern methods of operation need to be carefully studied in peace time. Manœuvres, designed on the broad lines of those of 1890, when for the first time the problem of protecting commerce was propounded in the form most likely to present itself, are the only means of gaining knowledge which may one day prove of incalculable value.

THE POST OFFICE.

SINCE my article on the Post Office appeared in the SPEAKER of December 20th, the Return moved in Parliament by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre has been made public. It is an important and instructive document, in which—apparently for the first time—the accounts of the Post Office are plainly analysed on an intelligible method. It is well worth the study of all interested in the public expenditure. It is headed: "Post Office (Revenue and Expenditure). Return No. 33. 9th December, 1890. Price ½d." The figures given in my article were simply those which appear in the Budget. It was no part of my purpose to enter into the complex question of postal finance. The surplus revenue or profit, as I stated it, was that which the Chancellor of the Exchequer admits or boasts of. The actual amount, or the mode of stating the surplus, was a matter irrelevant to my point—which was, and is, simply the general question of abnormal profit.

It is also to be remembered that I purposely left out of the calculation the Packet Service. This is stated separately in the annual Budget, and is very properly kept distinct. The Packet Service is an imperial concern, for which, and against which, a good deal may be said. But it lies outside the Post Office Budget proper; and it has always, and with excellent reason, been kept distinct. A practice has grown up of mixing up, in Post Office annual expenditure, the outlay on sites and buildings, which, as capital expended on productive service, is not properly included in working expenses, and never ought to be included in annual expenditure at all.

The Return moved by Mr. Shaw-Lefevre most properly distinguishes capital outlay in permanent works from annual working expenses. The Return just issued shows as Postal Revenue (putting aside "services to other Departments"—which is matter of official account) a sum in round figures of £9,503,000. Against this is an expenditure (omitting that on sites and buildings, and that on Packet Service) of £5,459,000—showing a surplus of rather over four millions.

The Return itself states a net revenue for 1889-90 of £3,597,136, after deducting the £150,000 spent on sites and buildings. But this sum is arrived at by including in expenditure the Packet Service of £664,342. This it is better to keep distinct, as it has long been done; for the Packet Service rests on considerations much wider than the Post Office. My argument is not affected materially, whether the Packet Service be included or not—whether the surplus revenue be four millions or three and a half—whether the expenditure be five millions and a half or exceed six millions. In any case, the profits of the Post Office monopoly are enormous, and bring into the Exchequer a sum disproportionate to the service performed. My point is, that the Treasury is forcing unreasonable profits out of a Government monopoly. Whether the profits are 70 per cent. or 80 per cent., they are enormous, when other carrying companies are content with 5 or 10 per cent. The Post Office stands on a very different footing from other spending departments of the State. The Army and Navy are not productive services; and it is reasonable that the Treasury should watch the enormous expenditure they involve with a very jealous eye. But the Post Office is a real commercial undertaking, probably the only Government commercial enterprise on any large scale. It is quite unreasonable that the Treasury should impose its orders on the Post Office in the same way in which it does on other departments. The Treasury is only concerned with such surplus as the Post Office can hand over to it, after all the requirements of the Post Service are fulfilled. As it is, the Treasury hampers and starves the Post Office service itself.

It was no part of my purpose to attack any particular Government, nor do I wish to take any part in the current criticism of the Post Office staff. My remarks were confined to a general consideration of the system as part of the entire administrative scheme. And I take my stand on these intelligible public principles:—1. That until the Service is in a thoroughly satisfactory state, both as to the public and to its own employed, the Treasury has nothing to do with dictating what profits shall be carried over; 2. That constant discontent on the part of the public and of the staff proves that the Service is not satisfactory.

I shall not now say anything as to recent disputes inside the Office, except that this constant irritation and friction is pretty clear evidence that much is wrong. I am surprised at the amount of support which since my article in your columns has poured in on me from the general public. From all parts of the country I hear tales of mismanagement, over-pressure, hard measure, and starving the business. For some years I have closely studied the working of the Office, both in town and country, and, I may say, with constantly growing dissatisfaction. Unlike most busy men, I personally attend to post-office business of my own, both in town and country, and my experience is, over-crowding, want of office space, want of adequate staff, great delay, confusion of departments, helter-skelter—in a word, a greediness to undertake public duties, with a parsimonious and shabby way of fulfilling them.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

BARON HAUSSMANN.

THE death of Baron Haussmann, the famous Prefect of the Seine under the Second Empire, comes at a peculiarly impressive moment for the British ratepayer. It finds him in a deadly struggle with a thaw, after a deadly struggle with a frost. It is impossible in such a crisis not to think of him who has passed away, and to wish that Liberty would teach us how to counterfeit such products of despotism. Baron Haussmann made Paris the typical city of the West, and it was part of his plan to have the place kept clean. If he could have seen most of the streets of London during the past month, he would have stood in hourly expectation of riot. Only free institutions have the privilege of such indifference, and of such neglect. The Baron swept Paris as well as rebuilt it; if he had treated it for one day as our vestries have treated London for more than a month, his master's throne would have tottered to a premature fall.

It is hard to repress the unavailing sigh at the thought of what such a man would have done for us. Improvements that we boggle over for years, he would have taken as an incident of a morning's work. He would have removed the south side of Holywell Street with one stroke of the pen. He would have had the same side of Fleet Street down and up again, in one swift and merciful operation, saving tens of thousands to the collective wealth of the country. He would have driven great cross boulevards from North to South to bind the Strand to Holborn, and Holborn to the Euston Road. As it is, most of our great roads run only East and West, and we have still to thread our way through devious paths from one to the other. Tell a cabman to drive fast from St. Dunstan's Church to the North-Western, and how is it to be done? Fetter Lane is the neck of a bottle, choked at all times with heavy waggons and with printers' trucks. Chancery Lane is another neck, suffocating with omnibuses. Drury Lane is out of the question; and, though Lincoln's Inn Fields is wide enough, its approaches are mere practical jokes. Wellington Street follows; and, just because it gives a promise of breadth, it is always in a state of congestion. Between that and the new roads by Charing Cross, there is nothing but a network of business slums.

It is the same in the whole line of thoroughfares further north, that stretch between Gray's Inn and Tottenham Court Road. What mortal man was ever helped in his extremity by Brownlow Street, Holborn? Who was ever much the better for the lower end of Southampton Row, where it joins Holborn in another narrow street? The London puzzle is to find your way from North to South. It is impossible to take it in a clear, clean, unimpeded course. Your cabman winds through it as a ferret winds through a rat-hole in a barn. He gives and takes—backs a little to avoid the avalanche of a Pickford's van, shaves the axle of another cabby by just a hair's breadth. How he gets through the barred squares and streets that still lie between him and his goal is his own secret. It is done at last, but only at a woful cost in time.

The good Baron would have set all this right in a twelvemonth, allowing that time for his demolitions and his new alignments, though of course taking somewhat more to rebuild. The French did not invent the proverb that "Time is money": it was the achievement of our race. The honour of the invention seems enough for us: we never act on it in this part of our public life. By-and-bye, the great civic statistician, who is still in embryo in some part of our social system, will come forward with an exact calculation of how much London loses by a single day of narrow thoroughfares complicated by mud. Every cab and 'bus eastwards delayed at least fifteen minutes on its passage to the Bank; every personal operation in stocks and company promotion hindered by at least that time; every railway journey out of London lengthened to the same extent; the delay, by reason of horseflesh and axletrees come to grief—it would make an appalling total! The late frost must have cost us something in thousands every hour. The vestries chuckled at the thought that, by leaving the roads like looking-glass, they were saving us something in hundreds or in tens. But the poor tradespeople, whose shops were deserted for weeks, could surely tell where the pinch of false economy falls.

The Baron would not have endured this for a moment. It would have been more than his place was worth, because it would have been more than the worth of his master's. He wrought for a people who will have cleanliness in the public thoroughfares, because cleanliness sets off beauty; and who will have beauty, because that is a want of their Latin souls. This last made the need sufficiently imperious; but, in the case of Paris, it may be added that both the beauty and the cleanliness were expected to pay. The dream was to make Paris the show city of civilisation, the city in which everyone who had the wherewithal must perforce live. Paris under the Empire was rebuilt as one vast exhibition. It was to have the best of everything, including wickedness. Its streets, its houses, its hotels, its opera, and the rest of it, were to be all that money could make them. Persons who had made their fortunes were to flock thither from all parts of the earth to spend them. That did not exactly come to pass. Other capitals learned the trick of restoration. Vienna has risen from the ashes of its antiquity of late years, and it runs Paris hard. London has not stood still. Berlin tries never to pause day or night. There is a new Rome. Most of these changes were unforeseen when Baron Haussmann began to build; and, for want of foreseeing them, Paris has a good deal of luxury on its hands for which it cannot always find a customer. Hence the angry decrees against foreigners, or projects of decrees, which from time to time belie the good repute for hospitality of an amiable people. It is not that there are too many foreigners, but that there are too few of the right sort. France does not want the industrious poor—Italian navvies, British coachmen, and German waiters. It wants *grands seigneurs*, mythical *milords*, Yankee silver kings, *rastaquouères* from South America, who throw silver out of the window, and keep the whole merry-go-round on the move. When they do not come in sufficient abundance, Paris grows sulky, abuses the foreign devils, and talks of a tax.

But Haussmann conferred one inestimable service: he made the city delightful for its own inhabitants. They hardly know what they owe him for that sense of joyousness which comes over the wayfarer who has the Boulevards and the Champs Élysées for a daily promenade. If he did not plan these thoroughfares, he rendered them what they are. His first and his last duty was to make the city beautiful. Only a city inhabited by such a race could have endured the sacrifices which that commission entailed. The French have become sensitive to ugliness by the influence of centuries of art. Beauty is a thing in demand with them. Their vestrymen, if they had such things, would talk of it; their cabmen go to see the new statue or the new fountain, and its effect exercises an influence on the elections. The very lamp-posts of the Haussmann *régime* are works of taste—bronzes flowered in base and column—and they are kept in condition by careful washing and polishing once a week. The final test of our new Municipal life will be its power of producing a Haussmann by the methods of freedom. One day he will surely come, and then the streets will be bright and gay. There will be no more Euston Road, no more Gower Street; a walk down Baker Street will be a frolic; and the children will sing songs to springtime in the gardens of Trafalgar Square.

THE LATE LADY TAYLOR.

THE death of Lady Taylor breaks one of the last links between the present generation and the brilliant and intellectual society of the early Victorian era. Indeed, so long and closely was her life linked with that of her poet-husband, Sir Henry Taylor, who was her senior by nearly a score of years, that the recollection of her name seems to carry back the mind to the days of the last George and the last William, in which her husband figured as no inconsiderable personage, both in the world of affairs and the world poetic; for there *was* a world poetic in those days, and the poets who composed it were celebrities of whom the world at large took note—not like most of the versifiers of our own day, huddled together in a single club, unpraised and unread by anyone save themselves.

Henry Taylor had the amiable weakness of pretending that he knew nobody, was not in society, and had never been in society—that he was a humble scribe possessed of a poetic soul, who, whenever he could escape from the drudgery of earning his bread, loved nothing so much as the solitude of his bleak Northern home, and converse with those of his own kin. But it is self-evident that a man, who felt entitled to claim the young and beautiful daughter of a Cabinet Minister for his wife, and to request Mr. Gladstone to remove his doubts as to the truth of the Christian religion, was no ordinary Government clerk, as he would have had the world believe. In truth and in fact, he seems at one time or another to have known all that was worth knowing in the best, if not in the highest, circles of English life; and to have exercised a degree of authority within his official province which amounted almost to an autocracy, and would hardly be possible in these days of press and parliamentary inquisitiveness. For eight-and-forty years he ruled the West Indies as the Tzar rules All the Russias. A list of the Taylor family-friendships would begin with the Berrys, Southey and Wellington, and end with Robert Louis Stevenson and John Dillon. Nor would there be wanting in the interval many names which the world itself will care to remember, excepting perhaps the great Bohemians of the past, as may be judged from an odd letter which Sir James Stephen once wrote to Taylor wherein he laid it down that it was as impossible that Bacon could have known Shakespeare, as it was that he (Taylor) should know Mark Lemon!

Lady Taylor was a daughter of the Right Honourable Thomas Spring-Rice, successively Secretary of State for the Colonies and Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Melbourne's first administration, and afterwards first Baron Monteagle. Sir Henry Taylor himself has told us the story of how he aspired to the hand of his official master's daughter, attracted, not so much by her exquisite beauty, as by her enthusiasm for his poetic master, Wordsworth—of how his hopes made shipwreck from an objection arising out of his own defective religious belief—of how he placed himself in the hands of Sir James Stephen (not the present one) and Mr. Gladstone, with a view to his conversion—and how he was finally accepted on the profession of a creed which, he implies, was based upon Abraham Tucker's "Lights of Nature and Gospel Lights Blended." We are not acquainted with this work, but its title suggests a somewhat low level of dogmatic orthodoxy; and it is plain that Sir Henry Taylor must have made a considerable advance upon his first somewhat perfunctory profession of Christianity, for not only are his later writings suffused with much religious feeling, but in his later years he occasionally took an active part in the ecclesiastical polemics of the neighbourhood in which he lived. He has also told the world that his marriage did not afford one of the common instances of two families coming together and immediately cutting one another. His wife's friends became his friends, and his friends became hers. She was well equipped, both by culture, manner, and wit, to hold her own among the men and women to whom he introduced her. In spirit she was ever young and buoyant—never extolling the past in comparison with the present, but always ready to find out some new thing that was good, and rejoicing in and proclaiming the discovery.

It would take a column of this journal to enumerate the men and women whose genius or worth the Taylors were amongst the first to perceive. When, at last, their long union of forty-seven years was dissolved by Sir Henry Taylor's sudden and painless death, Lady Taylor gave an example of how widowhood should be borne in the spirit of Christian stoicism. After a fitting period of retirement, all the old interests and friendships were revived, and new and distinctive activities developed. Sir Henry Taylor's politics were, to say the least of it, conspicuous for their moderation. There was much in public affairs and the development of the press which irritated him profoundly. For example, of Mr. Robert Lowe, whom he met at Harriet Lady Ashburton's, he once wrote that he knew nothing against him except his connection with the press. Even his profound attachment and reverence for Mr. Gladstone could not wholly reconcile him to that statesman's anti-Turkish activities. But Lady Taylor, as a widow, was under none of the limitations which the prejudices of an official position had imposed on her husband's mind. In the last year of her life, she and her daughters were as profoundly interested in finding a Radical candidate for Christchurch, in Hampshire, as ever her husband was in obtaining a literary pension for an unlucky poet. As an example of how far she was in touch with actuality, it may be mentioned that she took a lively interest in the founding of our respected contemporary the *Star*, and the various changes in its editorship and direction. In her enthusiasm for Home Rule, she extended her friendship to many of "the Boys," whilst at the same time not loosening her hold on the old friendships amongst the great body of "Cultchah." At her dinners she used to beg that politics might not be talked after the ladies were gone, "for you're just evenly divided, and once you begin I know I shall find you tearing one another's hair." Her charity and kindness were as widespread as her religious feelings were profound; and we believe we express a feeling which will be universal among that large number of her friends who are also readers of ours, when we say that we should have been failing in duty, if we had not put on record this slight tribute to the memory of a very remarkable woman.

THE NEW *ANTI-JACOBIN*.

MR. FREDERICK GREENWOOD'S return to the editorial chair is a matter for universal congratulation. It is no presumption on his part to remind the public of his services to journalism. He edited the *Pall Mall Gazette* for sixteen years, and it is not easy to forget the brilliancy with which he harried the declining days of the first Gladstone Cabinet. He founded the *St. James's Gazette*, and his withdrawal from that paper nearly four years ago deprived the Tory clubs of the only intellectual stimulus they ever had. Mr. Greenwood was never a partisan in the vulgar sense. He viewed with small approval many of the concessions which a Tory Government must make in order to maintain a precarious life. He opposed the Local Government Act for England and Scotland with all his might, and during his temporary retirement he has made vigorous onslaughts on the Unionist alliance. Such a man is not likely to be deceived by Mr. Chamberlain's juggle about a "National Party," and he has not attempted to conceal his suspicions that the makeshift compact which keeps the present Government in office is insidiously sapping the integrity of Tory principles. Any scheme of local government for Ireland is regarded by Mr. Greenwood with candid

disgust, and he has not hesitated to intimate in the plainest language that the smallest concession in this direction must be perilous to the Union. It might be expected, therefore, that the new weekly journal which Mr. Greenwood is about to launch would be chiefly designed to form a rallying-point for those Tories who contemplate with alarm the incapacity of a Tory Government to do nothing. Mischievous activity is, in Mr. Greenwood's eyes, the besetting vice of this Administration; and he might adopt as a motto for his new paper the maxim that the statesman who legislates is lost. The title of *Anti-Jacobin* is quite in keeping with this spirit. Mr. Greenwood need not apologise for inviting comparisons with the famous print for which Canning is better remembered than for any act of his public life. The wit of the old *Anti-Jacobin* may even be surpassed by its successor, for, to tell the truth, the sallies of the journal which had to be suppressed because Wilberforce was alarmed by its violence, were more frequently clumsy than expert. "The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder" survives as the best specimen of Canning's satirical genius, but Praed wrote many things quite as good, and Canning's prose style is far inferior to Fonblanque's political articles in the *Examiner*. Mr. Traill's satires in verse are equal to anything in the Canning era. But when a *littérateur* becomes a statesman his literary achievements are often exaggerated. Should Mr. Greenwood secure the co-operation of Mr. W. H. Smith, the First Lord's reputation as a wit will be considerably enhanced.

Judging, however, from Mr. Greenwood's prospectus, the new *Anti-Jacobin* is not to have the courage of its name. "Political affairs will occupy a comparatively small space in its pages," and—more surprising still—it will be written "in no high Tory vein, but in the spirit of true Liberalism." This savours of Birmingham, and of the speeches in which we are constantly assured that the Unionists are the only Liberals. When they want to persuade us that they are the party of progress, Tories are in the habit of pointing to the very legislation which Mr. Greenwood has vigorously denounced. They have set up a system of county government which, according to Mr. Greenwood, means the ultimate transfer of local authority to the Jacobins. So, if the "true Liberalism" is opposed to such measures, where is the everyday Tory to repose the sole of his foot? Perhaps, in his bewilderment, he may venture to question Mr. Greenwood's authority as a maker of party names. He may even suspect that Jacobinism, as a term of reproach, is as unintelligible as the distinction between the "true Liberalism" and the "high Tory vein." He may remember that the *Times* the other day fell into an inglorious muddle by declaring that Home Rule would hand Ireland over to a "priest-ridden" Parliament and a "Jacobin tyranny," as if Jacobinism were another name for Popery. If he looks back to Canning's definition, he will find that Jacobinism used to mean hostility to "the office and person of a king," and to Christianity and law, that it "openly threatens the foundations of States and saps the foundations of domestic happiness," and that it aimed at the supremacy of France and the subjugation of Britain. But what, in Mr. Greenwood's judgment, does it mean now? Nothing more than that which utilises "the natural impatience of the poor, a kindly but erring sentimentalism, and the corruptions and confusions of the older parties in the State." People who fancy that a Jacobin must be in his mildest mood at least a robber and a regicide, will scarcely be content with Mr. Greenwood's description. Canning asserted that the Jacobins never gave anything in charity, but profited by the discontent of the starving; and a good deal of the humour of the old *Anti-Jacobin* is a burlesque of sympathy with poverty. But the new *Anti-Jacobin* admits that the poor have a "natural impatience," and proposes that schemes for the amelioration of their lot shall be resisted in "the spirit of true Liberalism." For we know what "erring sentimentalism" represents in Mr. Greenwood's vocabulary. We know that General Booth's enterprise is opposed by many, not on the ground of his alleged incompetence, but because it is feared that the "submerged tenth" may be turned into "rampant Socialists." Any great effort, however organised, to reclaim the dregs of society, to prevent the "natural impatience of the poor" from turning to sullen hatred of all above them, or to make wealth pay a fairer tribute to the general exchequer, is liable to be treated as one of the disguises of the Jacobinism which "has made a second appearance in English politics."

When Mr. Greenwood founded the *St. James's Gazette* he called it an "Anti-Radical" paper, and he would have done well to adhere to that terminology, instead of unearthing from the dry ditch of ancient Toryism a musty name which has no present significance. It is just as absurd to call English Radicals Jacobins as it was for Mr. Chamberlain to call them Nihilists. Mr. Greenwood proposes to treat "the older parties in the State" as if their "corruptions and confusions" were aids to an enemy that is independent of both of them. A Liberal Government plays the game of Jacobinism directly, and a Tory Government plays it indirectly. That, in brief, is the lesson Mr. Greenwood would teach us. The answer is that his *Anti-Jacobin*, and his "true Liberalism," and the rest of his political apparatus, are simply disguises of the old Tory spirit which has wrecked many reforms and delayed many more. But as it will be no small part of Mr. Greenwood's mission to lecture his friends in the Government, his reproofs are certain to be livelier reading than the servile banalities of his Tory contemporaries. He will increase the general entertainment even more if he will imitate Canning's self-sacrifice, and decline to receive advertisements. "Our earnest desire," said the old *Anti-Jacobin* in its first number, "is not to lessen the circulation of any existing public print." If Mr. Greenwood is animated by a similar spirit, his forbearance ought to be specially appreciated by the Anti-Jacobin editors of some existing reviews.

MATRIMONY, THE MUSE, AND THE MAGAZINES.

THE *Forum*, as a great many people know, is a monthly magazine, or review, published in New York. It may not be opened with the ordinary paper-cutter, being tightly fastened with wire clamps: but, like many other fruits of the transatlantic Hesperides, must be won by the sardine-knife. Within the *Forum* American Culture mews—or should it be mia-ows?—its mighty youth, and tells of its "formative influences"; and this month "Prof. Edmund Gosse" and "Eliza Lynn Linton" help the young creature along by wanting to know if Verse is in Danger, and what is the meaning of the Revolt against Matrimony. In England, of course, everything is in danger, and will be, as long as the monthly reviews come out: but for an ardent and quick-blooded nation that has been accustomed to take its Muses when it finds them ("free of authorial expenses"), and has just induced the Mormons to give up polygamy, these appear to be odd questions.

Mr. Gosse asserts that in poetry "the activity of the dead is now paramount, and threatens to paralyse original writing altogether. . . Every poetic writer of any age precedent to our own has now a chance of popularity, often a very much better chance than he possessed during his own lifetime." And he asks, "In this great throng of resuscitated souls, all of whom have forfeited their copyright, how is the modern poet to exist? . . At every turn the thronging company of the ghosts impedes and disheartens the modern writer, and it is no

wonder if the new Orpheus throws down his lyre in despair when the road to his desire is held by such an invincible army of spectres." Now if we are to identify "Prof. Edmund Gosse" with the Mr. Edmund Gosse who has just earned our gratitude by resuscitating the ghost of Thomas Beddoes, we must note some lack of consistency. But if poesy be sick in these days, prophecy is hale and hearty (If only there had been magazines in the reign of King Hezekiah!), and Mr. Gosse abandons himself to the "vain pleasure" of prophesying concerning the future of verse. One or two probabilities, he says, loom before us. Let us take a couple—(1) Poetry will deal, to a greater degree than ever, with the subtler shades of emotion. It will interpret what Prose dares not suggest. It will treat all the complexities of human emotion, from exultation to despair. And (2) a new species of Poetry will arise to celebrate "the social revolution or evolution which most sensible people are now convinced is imminent." It will be democratic to a degree at present unimaginable. Kings, princesses, and the symbols of chivalry will perish out of this new species and their places will be taken, we suppose, by the free citizens and the productive labourer.

Now of (1) it may be remarked that Mr. Gosse is merely stating a counsel of perfection. As soon as poetry can express all the complexities of emotion, it must cease to grow. Its work will be done. But if he means that poetry will *strive* to express these complex emotions, we answer that it has been doing so ever since its birth, and that Mr. Gosse has all his life been reading verse that had this aim, though, it would seem, he did not recognise it. We believe as profoundly as Mr. Gosse in the future of poetry, for this reason—that the complexity of human emotion has not, as Mr. Gosse appears to think, done with growth, but increases every day; that it will always need poetry to disentangle new intricacies; and that poetry will always be struggling to do so, yet will always remain as far as ever in arrears with its task. Should it ever catch up with man's emotion, on that day it will perish.

But it is really too bad of Mr. Gosse to prophesy (2) the new Democratic Poetry to the Americans, and dismiss Walt Whitman with the brief remark that his language is "bastard jargon." For whether Whitman write "bastard jargon" or not, this much is certain—that Whitman, many years ago, not only foresaw but actually founded this species of poetry the advent of which Mr. Gosse so fondly proclaims as imminent. When Whitman says—

> "I speak the pass-word primeval—I give the sign of democracy;
> By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms,"

—it is allowable, perhaps, to call this "jargon." Or take again Whitman's attack on the models of modern American literature because they all "have had their birth in courts and basked and grown in castle sunshine; all smell of prince's favours. Of workers of a certain sort we have, indeed, plenty, contributing after their kind; many elegant, many learned, all complacent. But touched by the national test or tried by the standards of Democratic personality, they wither to ashes." Here again it is permissible to quarrel with his language. But still the prophecy is Walt Whitman's, and if the Americans won't listen to Walt Whitman; if they prefer the voice of W. D. Howells prattling in *Harper's* the praises of their national literature; then they had best be left to work out their salvation.

Then comes Mrs. Lynn Linton, superfluous, but talking yet, because she made her reputation some time ago by abusing her own sex, and a reputation must be maintained. "The free lovers and dissolutionists have had their say," she says. Why, so they have, and the echoes have died out long since, and Matrimony is not one penny the worse. Would not the best course, therefore, be to forget the "Revolt against Matrimony" as a small, unpleasing episode in the history of periodical literature? Not at all. "What becomes of all my virtue," asks Mrs. Lynn Linton, "if I can't put some of it into a magazine? I have such a lot on hand." Let us follow the arguments which she brings to the help of the institution of Matrimony.

The more complicated society becomes (says she) the more do the pitfalls and hardships of marriage increase. Among primitive peoples (by carefully excluding the polygamous and the polyandrous, be it said) we find monogamy; and marriage amid monogamous savages means simply the continuance of the race and a certain kind of community of aid. The brave fights, hunts, fishes; the squaw cooks the food he catches, and looks after the children. She is as good to him as any other woman would be, and habit weights the scale in her favour. As for her, as long as the brave fights, hunts, and fishes as well as his fellows, she has no wish to change. Hence arises the sentiment that a man's honour is implicated in his wife's inconstancy. If he were as good as his fellows, why should she prefer another man?

But when human nature becomes more complex, the most polished society ends where the most brutal begins—in practical polygamy and polyandry (at which end Mrs. Lynn Linton would put the Turk is not evident). And in this polished society it is woman who, in the great proportion of cases, seeks relief from the marriage tie and prefers discursiveness; for this main reason—a man is sated with "life" by the time he marries, while a woman is still full of "curiosity." And this is a nervous age, and peculiarly apt to develop "curiosity" in woman.

All this is stated with much solemnity: and we are not concerned here to deny its truth. But it really seems worth while—if by so doing we can help to dissuade Mrs. Lynn Linton from writing any more on the subject—to assure her that, in spite of it, civilised nations are not going to put an end to the marriage tie. And the ground of our assurance is this, that in civilised nations, nowadays, the corrupt upper classes have nothing to do with legislation. That is the business of the great middle classes, who love the institution of Matrimony. They ought to do so, for they invented it, as they invented poetry; and (we may add) imposed both poetry and monogamy on their social superiors who never fully understood either the one or the other, but accepted the two perforce. And if our own upper classes, for instance, could not unloose the marriage tie in the days of Charles II., still less will they dare to do so nowadays when respect for middle-class opinion means votes. Indeed, in accordance with the prevalent opinion that education works upwards, we may look forward to a blessed time when every Primrose Dame will be bound to eschew "discursiveness" as a necessary step towards winning the confidence of the electorate.

"ENTER A CROWD" (STAGE DIRECTION).

YOUR dramatic critic "A. B. W." (a theatre manager writes to us) finds that between us we do not produce one literary play a year. Well, perhaps we do not, and yet maybe we could say something in our defence if we had the skill. "Ah, but you have not!" roar the authors of 999 unacted literary plays; "you cannot write, for you were all greengrocers or butter-merchants until the day before yesterday." This charge has been so often brought against us that I suppose it must be true. Let it then be admitted that I am an ex-greengrocer. That will excuse my bad spelling (you should see the spelling in some literary plays, though) and still leave me free to reply to "A. B. W." (I know who he is, but please don't tell him who I am.)

Are really literary men who write plays millionaires? They don't look it when I meet them, which is as seldom as possible; and yet I sometimes think

they must be, from the splendour of their stage directions. "Enter a crowd" I have written at the top of this letter, just as a specimen. It might have been "Enter a number of ladies and gentlemen," or "Enter a ship's crew," or even "Enter an army." Now, for a really literary dramatist to write "Enter a crowd" is as easy as for me to sit down at my desk and write out cheques for a thousand pounds each to all my friends. (I have only £600 in the bank.) It is also as cheap; but, though it may be literary, it is not business. With one dip of his pen your really literary dramatist adds, say, three thousand pounds to my expenses, for his crowd must not only be paid, but clothed. What is more serious still, the literary dramatist's plays are what we greengrocers call "costume-pieces" (he scorns these technical terms) —and every item of his crowd has to be put into knee-breeches. Suppose the play produced: down sweeps "A. B. W." on that crowd, and tears me to tatters because I have attired it in the dress of 1830 instead of that of 1840. Nine times in ten the crowd may be dispensed with by changing "Enter a crowd" into "The crowd is heard shouting outside." Indeed, the artistic effect may even be much better. But though the literary dramatist seldom walks haughtily away with his play in his pocket because I have dared to suggest this alteration, he resents it, and calls me a miser beneath his breath. The chances are that I suggest the alteration, as making the play more suitable for other managers. This is my polite way of declining his piece; but unless I accept it, courtesy is thrown away on him. He tells all his friends that I led him to believe I had accepted the piece, and then they all cry, like a crowd, "Down with the greengrocer!" Shortly afterwards I produce a new piece by a well-known unliterary dramatist, and then your literary gentleman writes to the papers accusing us of plagiarism. He hints that I gave his play to the unliterary man to "take the good things out of it," and his proof is that in both pieces some character hides in a closet. Your literary dramatist complains that we keep his play six months and then reject it. I can assure you that we consider ourselves lucky if the literary dramatist ceases to trouble us in six months after we have the honour of making his acquaintance.

Not all literary dramatists, be it allowed, are particular about details. The other day I had a domestic drama from one of them who looks on "comic relief" (another of our greengrocery terms) as a trifle that is unworthy his own attention. "Here," he writes in his second act, "introduce a bright comedy scene." This is a stage direction for my benefit. I can assure you the author is a really literary dramatist, for he enclosed, with the play, a letter saying so. Sometimes they do not say so themselves. They leave me to find it out, and I do find it out in five minutes. You may ask, How? It is not from the fine style (for what does a greengrocer know about style?), nor from the author's name (for we greengrocers read no books). No; it is from the want of technical knowledge, which I perceive after glancing at the first page. In my early days of management, when I treated merely literary dramatists as reasonable men, I used to say to them, "Of course, you have studied stage construction?" "Certainly," they always answered. "Then tell me what 'Exit King 42 E' means," I said. But two in a dozen could tell me. They could only mutter "The wretched greengrocers!" "If you don't understand these terms," I would continue (wasting my time), "I am afraid I won't understand your play." "Oh," they would reply, "we have been very particular about exits and entrances." I would then open their piece at random, and be met by this specimen of their stage directions: "In the meantime Rose and Gerald have made their exit." I wonder where I could find an actor and an actress willing to make their exit "in the meantime." Again, there is the length of literary plays. About half of those that reach me are twice too long, and not one in twenty is playable as it stands. This condensation, I suppose, is the great difficulty. It takes a literary dramatist who attends to his stage instruction a page to get any character off the stage. His lovers need twelve sentences to say good-bye till next act; and his servants are not dismissed in less than seven. The experienced dramatist (but of course he is not literary) parts his lovers with a kiss, and sends off his servants with a stamp of the foot.

But what business, say the 999, have I to talk about their plays, when it is notorious that I never read them? Well, I have shown that it is not necessary to read many of them. But I do take trouble with them. I have a secretary who spends at least half of his time in looking through them with the object of discovering whether there is a possible one among them. If he thinks there is, he hands it to me, and then I read it carefully. But the 999, who know of that secretary, give me no credit for him. They have the most complete disbelief both in his judgment and his honesty, and their grand endeavour is to put their play direct into my hands, greengrocer though I am. In my early days of management I would not believe, when they forced their way into my room, that they were calling me a greengrocer beneath their breath. You have no idea how uncomplimentary they are. The reason they bring their piece to me in the first instance is that I am the only man in London who can play the chief part. Mr. Irving would overdo it and Mr. Tree would underdo it, but I would strike the happy medium. As—they thought me simply wonderful, and as—I had no rival. Irving? Bah! Tree? Yah! They knew Messrs. Irving and Tree and I are not unacquainted, but that does not prevent their making light of these gentlemen's capacity before me. They are sure it will "go down" the better. And why? Because we are all greengrocers.

A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

XXX.—Covent Garden.

I HAVE noticed that the great writers have a tendency to go to Covent Garden in the early morning and find poetry there. They never go at any other time; later on in the day there is less poetry; nor are there so many potatoes. Thus thinking, I set my alarum clock for 2.30 a.m. I, too, wanted to catch the poetry of the thing. I wanted to watch the waggons rolling along in the yellow lamplight, and to hear the sort of language that the simple carters use about the state of the roads. I wanted to drink the beauty of the great white lilies. Mushrooms, too, are a pretty kind of flower. They are full of appeal: and yet some people eat pepper with them. On these wintry days the flesh is exceedingly weak, and I did not rise as early as I had intended. In fact, the morning was one of those unsatisfactory mornings when breakfast is even as luncheon, and one has to leave out all the things one ought to do, in order to get enough time for the things one ought to leave undone. However, I got to Covent Garden, and found, as I had expected, that I was too late. There was very little poetry; probably it had all been snapped up by great writers in the small hours.

Outside the market there was a curious blend of tarpaulins, empty baskets, and Christmas-trees. A boy was loading a cart with empty baskets. He carried half a dozen of them, piled one on the top of another, with apparent ease; he also spilled them all, at which I was more pleased than he. In fact, I had to go inside among the shops to conceal a joy which I felt to be indecent. It was here that I found the great white lilies, the arum lilies, which members of the middle class use so profusely in times of bereavement. There were yellow crocuses, too,

misused of many gardeners, and those beautiful creamy-yellow roses, which—when stabbed through and through with wire and backed with a wisp of maidenhair—are an added glory to expensive clothes. It was humiliating to think how, with all our efforts, we have failed to make a single flower as vulgar as ourselves; they remain beautiful in spite of us; we cannot conquer them. Then there was the fruit—fruit of which you got very much (basket included) for eighteenpence, and fruit of which you got very little for a sovereign. The true florist-and-fruiterer's touch could be seen everywhere. The apples, in prim, precise rows, matched one another exactly. Even the bananas, which are rather a wilful fruit, were quite orderly. Everything was tidy, arranged, sorted, and ticketed. They have not yet begun to shave the cocoanuts before exposing them for sale, yet I know they will. But one picked up information; I saw a name on a package, and noted it for conversational use. I shall begin: "It is curious how much of our fruit comes from Canada." It is so pleasant to be thought well-informed. Least of all did I like those stalls which made a speciality of floral tokens of sympathy. Ready-made consolation in the shape of a florist's cross, with a text on tin attached to it, cannot surely amount to very much in any eyes but the florist's. Also his stock of inscriptions seems somewhat limited. He deals generally with the largest and deepest forms of grief, with a gasp of resignation and a wealth of superlatives. One wreath, however, was inscribed, "Only twelve and sixpence," which seems less poignant, but probably only referred to the price, and would be removed before use.

So I came out of Covent Garden a little depressed. I had not got the same sensations that come to you as you lie in the long grass in the summer-time, with nothing to do but to listen to the wind going gently through the old orchard trees above you, and to just keep your pipe alight. In fact, in dry and frosty weather Covent Garden seemed to me neat but not natural, just as in the time of thaw it seems dirty but not delicious. To different minds it may well appear differently. To the great writer, as he buries his face deep in the young violets at the early hour of three, it is doubtless beautiful and suggestive. But even then, at the moment when poetry is cheapest, it will hardly be appreciated by the misguided young man whose bedroom in one of the hotels directly overlooks the market. It changes not only with the seasons, but even with the hours of the day. It is simply a part of the bitterness of my destiny that I failed to find in it any of the poetry which I had come to seek.

HOME PETS.

IX.—Babies.

BABIES, like most other serpents, require to be kept warm. They should not, for instance, be left out on the grass all night, especially if the weather is at all frosty. A humane baby-charmer will generally provide his pets with clothing of some sort. They resemble invalids in their habit of browsing on milk; political programmes in their absence of any decided features; type-writers in their refusal to work; and steam-whistles in the gentle cooing sounds which they are said to produce. But, in spite of these minor points of resemblance, naturalists are probably correct in regarding them as a kind of serpent. Nor have they come to this conclusion merely on the ground that both babies and serpents require warmth; that is merely a point which they have in common with soup, the affections, and many other things. There is more evidence than that. Notice the gliding, undulatory motion of a large baby as it crosses the nursery carpet; notice, too, the wicked looks of the hooded variety, or listen to their terrible rattle; or throw a number of school-girls into the cage in which your baby is placed, and see the deadly fascination which it exercises over the poor creatures. There they stand, under his glassy, hypnotic stare, swaying a little to and fro; they cannot escape, even though you leave the cage-door wide open; presently their terror causes a partial paralysis of the vocal organs; they are no longer able to speak articulate English, and their efforts only result in gibberish; then they draw nearer and nearer to the crouching baby, and in another minute they are in its clutches. The scene is too painful for further description, but enough has been said to show what the real nature of these reptiles is. Still, a few school-girls more or less do not matter, and where babies are properly under the control of adults they are not really dangerous. The great point is not to let them see that you are afraid of them. If you are going to kiss them, or to punish them in any other way, you must simply show a little pluck. Some young men shirk kissing babies, and afterwards allow themselves to be led into it. That is not right; there should be no hesitation. I find that the best way is to shut the eyes, hold the breath, and take a short run at it. I mean that this way suits me the best, personally; I own that it generally produces in the baby that gentle cooing sound to which I have already referred, and nursemaids say rather bitter things about me afterwards.

Any number of middle-aged bachelors who are anxious to have a baby in their chambers to pet have written to ask me where a fat one-year-old specimen can generally be found. Well, there are many places; although, of course, they have one or two special haunts. You will find two or three babies, as a rule, on the edge of any precipice. Or you can ride a bicycle through a suburb and afterwards brush a dozen or so off the spokes of the machine; the chief objection to this is that they sometimes get soiled or even broken in the process The simplest way is to look in any smoking compartment. There you will never be disappointed. If there is a mother attached to the child, it is usual to throw her out of window. Even after you have found a baby, it is just possible that you may not know what to do with it. It is not necessary to slightly compress a baby's back in order to make it say "Papa!" In fact, by so doing you may damage its works; the mistake is generally made by those who have recollections of youthful experiences in toy-shops. The proper way is to put your own nose within an inch of such nose as the baby possesses, make a bad face, and then distinctly mispronounce the word. Another mistake was made by one of my dukes—I think it was the duke I got out of "Sir Percival." He was congratulating himself on the idea that only the upper classes in London possessed babies. He was deceived, of course, by a mere difference of nomenclature. Byebies are the same as babies—just as the tinned peaches of the grocer are precisely the same as the *pêches en compôte* of the Italian restaurant.

I have been asked why young babies have hair so short as to be almost imperceptible. It is to make up for the excessive length of their clothes at the other end. This is the law of compensation which we notice working everywhere in nature. Often when I have seen some poor baby wearing its feet where its waist should have been, it has comforted me to think that after all it need never brush its hair. Natural laws prevail everywhere; if you drop your baby out of the window, it will fall as far as the pavement and then it will stop. It was Sir Isaac Newton who first made this experiment. But I must not linger any longer upon these deep and philosophical reflections; if, however, you are not sufficiently educated to understand them, they will, at any rate, show you that one may take the keenest interest in home pets, and yet have a truly great mind.

Those who are less philosophical and more practical have often urged that babies are unprofitable

pets, that one gets nothing out of them. This is not altogether fair. They have many pretty tricks which it is interesting to watch. Did you ever see a baby cut a tooth? Figure-skaters and vocalists might learn much from it. It begins on the outside edge, goes through a series of the most graceful convulsions, and ends on the high G. Or, if tricks are not practical enough to please these captious critics, I may point out that babies taste very much like young dairy-fed pork. They make, in fact, a capital breakfast dish, as every epicure knows.

THE DRAMA.

COMING out of the Vaudeville the other night, half pleased, half irritated, by *Woodbarrow Farm*, I confided my doubts and difficulties to a companion. Mr. Jerome's new play, you must know, is (to borrow a word invented by Théophile Gautier for some of the theatrical experiments of George Sand) a ruro-drama. Its hero is a young Devonshire farmer, a Country Mouse who becomes—for a time and much to his own discomfort—a Town Mouse. "Why," I asked, "do our dramatists always insist on putting back the clock at least threescore years and ten in their dealings with stage-rusticity? Why is Mr. Jerome's young farmer of to-day, in his dialect, his costume, and his behaviour, an obviously impossible survival of the old stage-coach England? The *fin-de-siècle* farmer, as I conceive him, is a person of supreme elegance, a graduate of an agricultural college, a student, maybe, of Schopenhauer, probably a subscriber to the *Vie Parisienne*, and undistinguishable in dress and deportment (except, perhaps, by his more Grandisonian manner) from a City stockbroker or a Harley Street doctor. I want to see this man on the stage. But I do not ask too much. At a pinch, the farmer of middle-Victorian literature would suffice me, the farmer of George Eliot, George Meredith, or Thomas Hardy. This man has not yet been shown on the stage; and him, too, I would be content to see. But the actual stage-farmer, the lout who always talks broad Lancashire (in Devon), who always wears velveteens and gaiters, who always scoops up the gravy with his knife—why is this absurd creature still palmed off on playgoers as the real article?" My companion's answer was short and solemn: "It is one of the immutable conventions of the theatre."

Immutable? Let us distinguish. There are two obviously distinct sets of stage-conventions. (1) Conventions which arise from the material conditions of the stage itself; conditions of space and time. Events which happen in many different places and over a period of years have to happen in one and the same place, and within, at the most, a period of three hours. No one objects to these conventions; for abolish them and you abolish the theatre along with them. Thus, in *Woodbarrow Farm*, our young farmer is seen at one moment in St. James's Street, and, five minutes later, in his farm on Exmoor. No one is surprised, for this is one of those conventions of dramatic *action* which are immutable. (2) There are conventions which spring from the fact that a play is something which has to be played, and that not before a handful of literary "mandarins," but a mixed audience of average men and women. These conventions represent the dramatist's concessions to the supposed mental and moral limitations of the average crowd; and their name is legion. *E.g.*, a play must be moral, because a crowd (an aggregate of individuals each under the eye of his neighbours) is always moral; it must be optimistic, because no crowd is pessimistic; it must not be constructed on "art for art's sake" principles, because a crowd is not artistic; its history must be picture-book history ("Louis XI. always kneeling before the images in his hat; Marie Stuart always in tears; Richelieu always cunning"—as Flaubert says), because that is the only history of the crowd—and so on. These, observe, are all conventions of dramatic *characterisation*. It is these which are the real cause of the inferiority of the stage, which always relegate it to the position of "wooden spoon" in the Tripos of the Arts. But they are not immutable. For the crowd changes. It is the dramatists who refuse to change. They regard their audience as composed of Rip van Winkles, or as the petrified courtiers in the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty, and they serve up to the crowd of to-day the conventions demanded by the crowd of fifty years ago.

That Mr. Jerome should have shared this strange delusion of his class is enough to make one rub one's eyes with amazement. For Mr. Jerome is the author of "Stage-Land," one of the most scathing satires on stage-conventions ever written. It seems unkind to condemn Mr. Jerome out of his own mouth; but there is no help for it, for in his book he has supplied us in advance with the severest criticism on his own play. I take up "Stage-Land," and under the heading "The Adventuress" I read:—

> "She sits on a table, and smokes a cigarette. A cigarette on the stage is always the badge of infamy. She seems a smart business woman, and she would probably get on very well if it were not for her friends and relations. They never leave her, never does she get a day or an hour off from them. Wherever she goes, there the whole tribe goes with her. They all go with her in a body when she calls on her young man, and it is as much as she can do to persuade them to go into the next room, even for five minutes, and give her a chance. . . . She is fond of married life is the adventuress, and she goes in for it pretty extensively. . . . She dresses magnificently," etc. etc.

I turn to *Woodbarrow Farm* and find this description realised to the letter—or rather to the cigarette, the table, the tribe of friends, the husbands, and the dresses. Again, I find in the book:—

> "As for the young man who is coming home to see his girl, you simply *can't* kill him. He gets stabbed, and shot, and thrown over precipices, and, bless you, it does him good—it is like a tonic to him. He is for ever being *reported* as dead, but it always turns out to be another fellow who was like him, or who had on his (the young man's) hat. *He* is bound to be out of it, whoever else may be in."

Substitute "claim his estate" for "see his girl," and once more you get Mr. Jerome, on Mr. Squeers's principles, after spelling "w-i-n-d-e-r" in the book, "going and cleaning it" in the play. The invulnerable young man, the stabbing, the shooting, the precipice, the false reports, the other fellow who was like him—all are there. Just one more collation. "Stage-Land" says:—

> "The hero has his own way of making love. He always does it from behind. The girl turns away from him, and he breathes his attachment down her back."

Exactly what happens in the wooing of the adventuress by the farmer-hero in *Woodbarrow Farm*. But the book omits one curious detail of stage-courtship. Your conventional hero induces the heroine to suppose that he is wooing her, when all the time he is merely rhapsodising over the charms of another lady—the adventuress, of course. This omission the play is careful to supply.

Yet below these "lowest deeps" of convention, Mr. Jerome can find for us "a lower deep." Before railways were, playgoers liked to have the stage-rustic widely differentiated from the stage-cockney. For him the country was God-made, idyllic, the town, man-made and vicious. The good folk of Devon were as unlike Londoners as though they inhabited another planet. Mr. Jerome, ignoring the "Flying Dutchman," copies the old picture, and gives it to us for the truth of to-day. Upwards of two centuries ago Molière showed us the elephantine gambols of a vulgar, loutish M. Jourdain, trying to learn gentility from dancing masters and valets. Mr. Jerome (not exactly a Molière, and writing some little time after 1660) puts *his* loutish hero through precisely the same paces. All this because Mr. Jerome, like his fellow-playwrights and my solemn friend, suffers from the *idée fixe* that the conventions of the stage are immutable. Or has Mr. Jerome produced his play as an object-lesson in the faults satirised by his book, so

constituting himself his own Spartan Helot? If so, the joke is a dangerous one. Or perhaps, after all, Mr. Jerome expects us to accept *Woodbarrow Farm* in all good faith on the principle of the credulous Oriental who, when it was suggested to him that the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" were not exactly gospel-truth, asked—"Why should a man sit down and write so many lies?"

It is only fair to add that the play, despite its absurd conventionalisms, has many points of interest, and that it was enthusiastically received by the first-night audience. The melodramatic part of its story is cleverly contrived, particularly in the death-scene of the "other fellow," and in the crisis of the play, when the "invulnerable young man" is prevented by a ruse of the hero's from slaying the cigarette-smoking adventuress's husband. And the acting is more than tolerable. Miss Vane plays the adventuress adventurously. Mr. Thomas Thorne modestly contents himself with the small part of the valet to whom the hero is no hero. A Devonshire farmer's dame, Mrs. Poyser-and-water, finds an admirable exponent in Miss Emily Thorne. And (here is the final stroke of irony) Mr. Bernard Gould, who (as Mr. Bernard Partridge) illustrated "Stage-Land," finds himself cast for the hero of *Woodbarrow Farm*. To make the joke complete, it only remains for Messrs. Jerome and Partridge to reissue their book, with the play as an appendix, and the sub-title "Every Artist his own Model."

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

THERE is probably not much truth in the rumour that IBSEN proposes to visit England this year. MR. BUCHANAN knows nothing on the subject. Still, IBSEN, who has hitherto neglected us in his wanderings over Europe, may be curious to know something of the little band of British zealots who have honoured him above most of their own stage gods. Who amongst us has any idea what impression was made upon him by our reception of *A Doll's House*, and the subsequent flooding of the English book market with translations, at popular prices, of all his best-known dramas?

ONE of the most interesting series published in any magazine last year were the papers on "The Sovereigns of Europe," which appeared in the *Leisure Hour*. In the January number of the same magazine is commenced a companion series on "The Statesmen of Europe." The first article is devoted to Italy, and contains a most masterly sketch of CRISPI—shrewd, penetrating, and uncompromising, and with an occasional touch of humour, as that ". . . . it is only needful to see him in the Camera, where the spectators from the Tribunes, in the colour more or less intense of the Premier's bald head, have a sure thermometer for estimating his mental state of excitement." Having read the article, one is half disposed to accept the extraordinary story told by a London correspondent last week, describing a visit which LORD DUFFERIN is said to have paid to SIGNOR CRISPI, when the latter, instead of rising to receive the English Ambassador, kept his seat at table and flourished his fingers by way of salutation; LORD DUFFERIN, frozen with Ambassadorial dignity, remaining "motionless on the threshold." Any way, the anonymous critic in the *Leisure Hour* reminds us that CRISPI is "blunt and rough to a degree unusual in an Italian."

THEIR anonymity is a feature of these articles. The one in question is said to be from the pen of PROFESSOR VILLARI, of Florence (SAVONAROLA'S biographer), one of the most cultivated and charming men in Italy. He took part with GARIBALDI in the Sicilian Revolution, knew MAZZINI and CAVOUR, and talks delightfully of those picturesque and stirring days. The Professor and his handsome and clever English wife (the author of several novels) are the centre of the English colony in Florence, and have welcomed in their pleasant home most English and American men of letters who have visited that city.

THE gentleman who explains the crooked ways of Unionism in the Irish leaders in the *Times* must have employed a spare moment in writing the editorial comment on MR. IRVING'S letter in Monday's issue of that journal. MR. IRVING complained that *Ravenswood* had been quite unwarrantably described by the *Times* as a "failure." "Not at all," said the special hair-splitter; "we called it a comparative non-success." This reminds us of certain explanations of Unionist defeats in bye-elections. "Comparative non-success" would be an excellent description of the reasoning of the *Times* on most subjects. There are other gems of logic in the reply to MR. IRVING, and we hope they will be added as a glittering pendant to the reprint called "The Parnellite Split."

MR. MONTAGU CRACKANTHORPE probably never made a joke in his life. Consequently he was much annoyed to find himself announced to preside over certain frolics of the Hammersmith Liberal Unionist Association. The programme consisted of "(1) Dead March over the Coffin of Home Rule. (2) Hallelujah Chorus before the Triumphal Car of the Unionist Government." The genius who invented this sprightly entertainment must have been sorely discomfited when he learnt that MR. CRACKANTHORPE declined to be associated with such "objectionable" proceedings. So a card had to be issued to the Liberal Unionists of Hammersmith, who were informed that the festivities were indefinitely postponed. No doubt MR. CRACKANTHORPE thought he was expected to lead a "hallelujah chorus" and dance on an actual coffin.

DR. PARKER objects to the removal of religious disabilities for the purpose of enabling Catholics to hold the offices of Lord Chancellor and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. At first sight this looks like the natural prejudice of a Nonconformist against Popery, but DR. PARKER explains that his position is political, not religious. He thinks a Catholic Lord Chancellor would be subject to the Pope and not to the Queen. SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, for instance, would take his orders from the Vatican. Such a proposition, it might be thought, has only to be stated to expose its own absurdity. But DR. PARKER is quite in earnest, and reinforces himself with a quotation from MR. GLADSTONE'S famous pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees. Even DR. PARKER, however, might remember that MR. GLADSTONE wrote that pamphlet when Papal Infallibility was regarded as a new force in politics, and that the course of events both in England and Ireland, especially in Ireland, has since made it clear that the Papacy has no political authority whatever. To say that a Catholic Lord Chancellor would place his allegiance to the Pope above his allegiance to the Queen, or that he would ever trouble his head for one moment about the Pope's opinion of English politics, is now sheer nonsense.

WHEN BLÜCHER appealed to his soldiers struggling with the difficulties of the march to Waterloo, "not to let him be a promise-breaker: he had given his word to WELLINGTON," to what did he refer? There is no trace in the correspondence between BLÜCHER and the Duke of any promise, nor any indication that WELLINGTON knew when to expect BLÜCHER on the 18th. COLONEL MAURICE thinks that the promise in question was given by BLÜCHER

to WELLINGTON personally, founding his belief on a story—said to have been told by the Duke himself in 1833—that WELLINGTON visited BLÜCHER in his tent on the night of the 17th, riding twenty-eight miles between Waterloo and Wavre. There is a hiatus in the accepted history of the Waterloo campaign. This story fits it exactly; it comes from several quarters, and in all cases from people who did not know the bearing of their own record; it is full of circumstantial detail, and the contradictions of it fail in point of statement and argument. Here is certainly a cumulative amount of probability. Like COLONEL MAURICE, however, we shall wait for more evidence on the subject.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, who preceded LORD GRENVILLE in the sinecure office of Auditor of the Exchequer, when he gave an appointment, charged the salary with an annual sum payable to his butler, or some other dependent, and this charge was known as a "rider." MR. H. W. CHISHOLM, late Warden of the Standards, whose "Recollections" are appearing in *Temple Bar*, tells us of even stranger things that used to be done in the good old times. The supply of stationery, he says, formed a nice little perquisite to Civil servants in his father's time. Stationery to a certain amount was allowed to each clerk, and at the end of the year, any surplus over the cost of the stationery actually supplied was credited to the clerk by the contractors. He could take out this amount for anything he chose. MR. CHISHOLM'S father took out *his* surplus in books, and in this way obtained the "Encyclopædia Britannica," GIBBON'S "Decline and Fall," HUME and SMOLLETT'S "England," and other works, handsomely bound, which are now in his son's bookcases. "Rare times these, Mr. Rigmarole!" "Pretty much like our own, Mrs. Quickly!"

A SQUABBLE has been going on for a century between the Cubans and Dominicans as to which possess the bones of ST. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS—have readers forgotten that "El Almirante" was canonised? COLUMBUS was first buried at Valladolid; then his bones were removed to Seville; and then to St. Domingo in the West Indies. The Cubans say that when St. Domingo was temporarily ceded to the French, the bones of COLUMBUS, with those of his brother and son, were taken to Havana; the Dominicans assert that only the bones of the brother and son were removed. There the quarrel rests; but MR. ARTHUR MONTEFIORE has a curious story to tell which bears testimony to the Dominican side of the argument.

NOT long ago an American showman, with a recommendation from an American consul, applied to the Dominican Government for a lease of the bones of COLUMBUS. The showman was prepared to hire a guard of soldiers, and to pay for the services of four priests. In return he guaranteed the Dominican Government not less than twenty thousand dollars per annum, and more in the event of a great success. The President of St. Domingo refused, regarding the proposal "as a shameful profanation." Why he should have thought it necessary to say so, it is difficult to understand; but no Cuban thought of saying that the President couldn't hire what he hadn't got.

PROVINCIALISM may be described as a disorder of the vision in which things are seen out of all perspective—disproportionately great or disproportionately little. Londoners are said to be the most provincial people on the face of the earth, but we incline to the more common opinion that the American—the cultured Bostonian as well as the dollar-hunting New Yorker—is your true provincial. The disproportionate point of view has not had such fine expression as in JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S "New Spanish Inquisition" since EMERSON and MARGARET FULLER held their famous dialogue about FANNY ELSSLER'S dancing.

ON Wednesday next the Royal Academy will proceed to fill up several of the vacancies which have occurred in their ranks. Peculiar interest attaches to these elections, because of the very unusual press of talent at the gates of Burlington House. Owing to the mode of election—a triple ballot—it is almost idle to attempt any forecast of results. MR. ALFRED GILBERT, sculptor, and MR. GOW, subject-painter, are designated by the majority of the speculative for promotion to the full honours of Academicianship. MR. STANHOPE FORBES, in whom NEWLYN would be honoured, and MR. J. M. SWAN, the animal painter, are said to be the most likely candidates for the vacant associateship. Surprises often occur in Burlington House ballotings. Amongst the possibilities are MR. GEORGE CLAUSEN, who would be taken to represent the New English Art Club; MR. ALBERT GOODWIN, MR. ALFRED HUNT, or even perhaps a more official representative of the Water Colour Societies; MR. LOGSDAIL of Venetian and "Ninth of November" fame; the Americans, MR. SARGENT the surpassingly clever and audacious, MR. SHANNON the elegant lady's limner, and MR. GEORGE HITCHCOCK of "Tulip" reputation; the black-and-white men, MESSRS. TENNIEL, LINLEY SAMBOURNE, and DU MAURIER—MR. FURNISS has not made himself beloved by the powers; the Scotch landscape painters, MR. DAVID MURRAY and MR. DAVID FARQUHARSON; MESSRS. KEELEY HALSWELLE, ALFRED EAST, and YEEND KING, the English *paysagistes*; MESSRS. ARTHUR MELVILLE and JAMES GUTHRIE, of the New Glasgow insurgents; and MESSRS. MORRIS, CRANE, BRITTEN, and others of the decorative arts, setting aside the claims of both architects and engravers.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES, who has recently returned from a tour in Cashmere, will occupy the Dowdeswell Gallery in mid-April with the results of his second trip to the East. His pictures, like his Japanese "memoranda," will consist chiefly of street-scenes. Some of them are very novel experiments on ivory. He painted chiefly inside his travelling-carriage, and says he has thus been enabled to put very much more sunshine into his pictures. He has almost invariably selected Asiatics of the lightest possible hue, finding anything approximating the negro ebony produced simply the effect of a black blot in the clear light. MISS KATE GREENAWAY will probably be exhibiting some of her work at the Fine Art Society's about the same time.

MR. P. WILSON STEER invited his friends last Saturday to the studio of MR. WALTER SICKERT, the recognised fighting editor of the New English Art Club, to see nine of his pictures prior to their despatch to the annual exhibition of the Société des Vingt de Bruxelles. MR. STEER is possessed of more talent than has sufficed to equip many an artist for a successful career, but he cannot quite decide how to bestow it. Some of his work reflects the influence of the most virile of French Impressionists, and some of it, again, mirrors some of the elegancies of ROSSETTI. In landscape MR. STEER displays a keen delight in the glow and fulness of Nature; in subject pictures he cultivates eccentricity rather than beauty. Like most of his school, he suffers from primitive notions with regard to perspective; and his figures, supposed to be standing or sitting on the flat, often look to be tobogganing down-hill. It is so with nearly all the N.E.A.C. men and those in sympathy with them, which is all the more regrettable as they are addicted to portentous foregrounds. The fault arises from their standing too near the subjects they put into their pictures, and being therefore obliged to look down to

paint part of them, and thus deal with things not in a plane parallel to their canvas. These faults are not observable in the works of MESSRS. ORCHARDSON and GREGORY, great lovers, both of them, of introductory expanses of floor and carpet. They draw back their easels to paint their grounds.

MR. C. P. SAINTON has recently completed a novel journey through France in a big red caravan, attended by one servant, who unfortunately died *en voyage* from influenza. His route, from Dieppe to Nice, lay through Rouen, Valence, Nevers, and Lyons; and he speaks of his gipsy-like experience as forming one of the happiest pages of his life. The fruit of this expedition is now on view and on sale at DOWDESWELL'S Galleries, and consists of a series of brilliant, and almost too gem-like—since in some cases they suggest mosaics—little oils, framed in a variation of the curious manner of mounting imported by MR. MENPES from Japan; and of exceedingly delicate "silver points." His "silver points" are fair and dainty faces and figures adumbrated—on paper which has been coated with a surface of white chalk—by a piece of pointed silver. The process has this drawback—it admits of no erasures. All the work has to be executed in line—a method peculiarly attractive to MR. SAINTON, who is a pupil of PROFESSOR LEGROS. One of these drawings, an urchin standing by a bundle of hay, the artist calls "A Weird Snap." He condescends to explain that this is American slang for a diminutive oddity. Broadly margined, and framed in white, these "silver points" furnish a delicate novelty.

LADIES in fragile evening dresses, attended of course by their cavaliers, visited the premises secured by *Black and White*, the forthcoming rival to the *Illustrated London News* and the *Graphic*, this week; and the printer's devil came into acute contact with Society *en grande tenue*. Society was in an inquisitive and experimental mood. It inspected those bewilderingly prolific novelties, the Augsburg machines, in the basement, elbowed the wood-engravers at work behind their magnifiers, set "copy" and pulled "galleys" up-stairs, and addled the heads of the electrotype men at work in the heated top storey with an intricate criss-cross of interrogation. It frequently expressed a Chicago-like determination to stay and see *Black and White* come in, in the form of the mental ideas of its staff, paper and ink, and go out an illustrated journal.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us from a Kent coast watering-place: "Skating on the upper reaches of the Thames, and the practical stoppage of traffic in the Port of London, are strange experiences; but I have had a stranger one to-day (Sunday, January 11th). There is no predicting the weather of the next month or the next fortnight, and, in the event of a sudden disappearance of the frost, I should like you, sir, to put it on record in THE SPEAKER that at the moment at which I am writing the sea is frozen here. I have just returned from a tramp on the beach. A fine sea-fog obscured the distant waters, but as far as the eye could stretch it ranged over a heaving mass of semi-solid ice. There was no strength in it, of course; my stick passed through it easily; but it withstood the impact of a good-sized stone, and I doubt whether a hot coal would have burned its way through the thickest of the blocks. It was actual ice, irregular of surface, and varying in density here and there; but a genuine frozen sea for all that. With the rustle of the imprisoned waters beneath, the momentary cracking of the masses as they were swayed to and fro, the mist in front, and the white cliffs behind, the scene was as nearly arctic as any that is likely to be witnessed in the England of our generation."

IF housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

THE same correspondent, writing a day later, says: "At high tide this morning masses of ice, some of them from four to six inches in thickness, and measuring several yards across, were jolting one another all along the shore; and for a distance of from half to two-thirds of a mile from the coast, the ice-sheet extended; uneven, broken, and diversified, but claiming and asserting mastery over the waters. A Thames steamer would probably have been cut to pieces had she attempted to plough her way through it for any length of time. I asked an old boatman on the beach whether he had ever seen the like of it. Not for half a century, he said; but he remembered a winter fifty years ago, when an uncle of his had walked on solid ice from the shore to the end of the old pier (now disused and broken), a distance of three-quarters of a mile, shooting seagulls."

CARAMENCITA and OTERO, two Andalusian dancers, have enthralled America. The former, it appears, is an exquisite electric storm; the latter a rich, voluptuous calm. CARAMENCITA'S motions are as swift as leaping flame, with an infallible and audacious grace that warms and exhilarates the blood like fairy wine. To OTERO dancing is an enjoyment, not a passion; she possesses the art, the art does not possess her. These Spanish wonders are in America, and there the Americans mean to keep them. They have been admitted duty-free, to the utter annihilation of the American terpsichorean industry; but the tariff on their exportation is prohibitive. In short, it is a new Spanish conquest of America. The Inquisition is established, and the victims not only crowd to the sacrifice, but pay the inquisitors well for their trouble. "It is poetry, MARGARET"—"Religion, RALPH!" was well enough; but to say so in five pages is like trying to play "Yankee-doodle" on the spheres.

THE FAMILY TIE.

THIS is the story of a man who hearkened to his father and mother; and the wickedness that came of it.

His name was Comyns—Bob Comyns—and at school we called each other friend. He wore an ingenuous face, wrote Latin verses of slightly unusual merit, and bowled with a break from the off which meant that there was genius somewhere inside him. When once collared, his bowling became futile: success made it deadly. On the whole he was a good fellow, with one soft spot in him, which showed later on: though, looking back, I seem to have guessed the mischief during a week of the Christmas holidays that we spent together at his home. I remember having an odd conviction when I drove away that, as soon as my cab had turned the corner, his father and mother would retire and lift their voices in thanksgiving.

They were people into whose heads no doubt ever penetrated. Their religious beliefs, their duties, and the proper conduct of life, stood as plain before them as their front gate, and as narrow as the Mohammedan's bridge over hell. They loved Bob—who of four children was the only son—and firmly meant to do their best for him. As they knew what was best for him, it followed that Bob must conform. Now filial love and obedience are both sweet and blessed: only there happens to be too much of them in the world. When all secrets are known, and the host of sons who have been ruined by their mothers stands over against the host of those who have been saved, I fancy that one very common opinion will want revision. Anyhow, Bob loved his parents, and learned to lean on them; and now he wants to see their ghosts for a few minutes, just to thank them.

Bob's father was a solicitor with a large practice which Bob had to inherit, and consented to inherit, without question. He had a sneaking desire to follow me to Oxford—where he would have enjoyed

a wholesomely small amount of my companionship, because they sent me down in my second year: but his father "did not wish to expose him to the temptations which beset young men at the Universities"—that was the very text—and preferred to keep his son under his own eye in the seclusion of a small provincial town. To a young man in Dick's position there usually happens one of two things. Either he takes to drink, or to discreditable essays in love-making—methods of killing time which occur to everybody who is being shielded from temptation. Dick did not drink: there was a certain sanity in the fellow that kept him from it. Instead, he spent his evenings at home; listened to his parents' talk; accepted their opinions on human conduct and affairs; and tumbled honourably in love with his sisters' governess.

It happened quite simply. The governess was about a year older than Bob, good to look at, and the only being who understood what ailed Bob's soul during this time. She was in prison herself, poor thing. Mrs. Comyns asserted afterwards that Miss Ormiston had "deliberately set herself to inveigle" the boy; but here Mrs. Comyns—was mistaken. As a matter of fact, Bob, having discovered a being obliging and intelligent enough to listen, dinned the story of his aspirations into the girl's ear with the persistent egoism of a hobbledehoy. When, a week after his twenty-first birthday and immediately after a peevish harangue, he looked into Miss Ormiston's grey eyes and felt something take him by the throat, the few words he proceeded to blurt out stunned him much as if a grenade had exploded close at hand. But when Miss Ormiston burst into tears and declared she must go up-stairs at once to pack her box, Bob recovered, and looking about, found the face of the world curiously changed. There were valleys where hills had stood a moment before.

"I'll go at once and tell my father," he said, drawing a full breath and looking like the man he was for the moment.

"And I'll go at once and pack my box," Miss Ormiston sobbed. This was prudent, for as soon as Bob's interview with his father was over, she was commanded to leave the premises in time to catch the early train next morning.

Then the Comyns family sat down and talked to Bob.

They began by pooh-poohing the affair. Then they talked of disgrace, and of scratching his name out of the family Bible, and said they would rather follow him to his grave than see him married to Miss Ormiston. Lastly, Mrs. Comyns asked Bob who had nursed him, and taught him to walk and read, and know virtue when he saw it. Bob, in the words of the poet, replied, "My Mother." "Very well, then," said Mrs. Comyns.

Now you and I know that when a man has pledged his future to a woman it is, in nine cases out of ten, not only honourable but expedient for him to snap his fingers at the family Bible: that a boy under these conditions can only win manhood by flying in the face of his training: and that his risks of making a dire mistake are as nothing to the peril of letting his parents decide. Bob's difficulty is, I believe, a very common one. Novelists prefer the young woman who renounces the man on whom her heart is set, because her friend or sister is in love with him, and so makes three lives miserable instead of one. But Bob's is a more usual case.

He wrote to Miss Ormiston saying, "My father's indignation is natural and can only be conquered by time. But I love you always."

Miss Ormiston replied, "Your father's indignation is natural, perhaps. But if you love me, it might be conquered by something else," or words to that effect. At any rate, her letter implied that as it was Bob, and not his father, who proposed to make her a wife, it was on Bob, and not on his father, that she laid the responsibility of fulfilling the promise.

But Bob was weak as water. Love had given him one brief glimpse of the real world: then his father and mother began to talk, and the gates closed again. At the end of a week he wrote—"Nothing shall shake me, dear Ethel. Still, some consideration is due to them; for I am their only son."

To this Ethel Ormiston sent no answer; but reflected "and what consideration is due to me? for you are my only lover."

For a while Bob thought of enlisting, and then of earning an honest wage as a farm-labourer: but rejected both notions, because his training had not taught him that independence is better than respectability—yea, than much broadcloth. It was not that he hankered after the fleshpots, but that he had no conception of a world without fleshpots. In the end his father came to him and said—

"Will you give up this girl?"

And Bob answered—

"I'm sorry, father: but I can't."

"Very well. Rather than see this shame brought on the family, I will send you out to Australia. I have written to my friend Morris, at Ballawag, New South Wales, three hundred miles from Sydney, and he is ready to take you into his office. You have broken my heart and your mother's and you must go."

And Bob—this man of twenty-one and more—actually obeyed his father in this, and went. I can almost forgive him, knowing how the filial habit blinds a man. But I cannot forgive the letter he wrote to Miss Ormiston—whom he wished to make his wife, please remember. Nevertheless she forgave it, as the tale will show. In the meantime she had found another situation, and worked on. Her parents were dead.

Five years passed, and Bob's mother died: twelve years, and his father died also, leaving him the lion's share of the money. During this time Bob had worked away at Ballawag and earned enough to set up as lawyer on his own account. But because a man cannot play fast and loose with the self-will that God gave him and afterwards expect to do much in the world, he was a moderately unsuccessful man still when the inheritance dropped in. It gave him a fat income for life. When the letter containing the news reached him, he left the office, walked back to his house, and began to think. Then he unlocked his safe and took out Ethel Ormiston's letters. They made no great heap: for of late their correspondence had dwindled to an annual exchange of good wishes at Christmas. She was still earning her livelihood as a governess.

Bob thought for a week, and then wrote. He asked Ethel Ormiston to come out and be his wife. You will observe that the old curse still lay on him. A man—even a poor one—that was worth kicking would have gone and fetched her; and Bob had plenty of money. But he asked her to come out and begged her to cable "Yes" or "No."

She cabled "Yes." She would start within the month from Plymouth, in the sailing-ship *Harvester*. She chose a sailing-ship because it was cheaper.

So Bob travelled down to Sydney to welcome his bride. He stepped on the *Harvester's* deck within five minutes of her arrival, and asked if a Miss Ormiston were on board. There advanced a middle-aged woman, gaunt, wrinkled and unlovely—not the woman he had chosen, but the woman he had made.

"God in Heaven!" he cried, leaning back against the bulwarks, "Are you Ethel?"

"God forgive you, Bob; I am."

She uttered no word about the change in *him*; but held out her hand, with a smile.

"Marry me, Bob, or send me back: I advise you to send me back. Twelve years back you might have been proud of me, and so I might have helped you. As it is, I have travelled far and am tired. I can never help you now."

And though he married her, her words were true. Q.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE MATCHBOX MAKERS OF THE EAST END.

SIR,—I have to acknowledge, on behalf of the above, the results obtained through your kind publication of my letter of December 30. Your readers may remember that, in the name of the Women's Trades Union League, I appealed for funds to enable the committee to send a competent person to Sweden to investigate the state of the trade there. An immediate reply was received from a gentleman who is visiting Sweden and Norway next summer, and who has offered to make the needed needed inquiries for us at his own cost.—I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

January 9. EMILIA F. S. DILKE.

THE MONOPOLY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

SIR,—Rumour has it that in the coming session of Parliament the Chancellor of the Exchequer will bring forward some proposals for the reform of the Bank Charter Act, or for powers to enable the Bank of England to issue £1 notes. That reform of some sort is necessary, no one, I think, will deny. The financial crisis which we have recently passed through, and the strain to which the money market has been subjected, is surely a question for grave reflection.

These financial panics which come upon us time after time, and the enormous fluctuations in the value of money, surely point to there being something radically wrong with our monetary system.

Those periods of dear money which we experience are invariably preceded by a considerable period of cheap money. In fact, the one is the result of the other.

It is this artificial cheapness of money which we have to pay for afterwards.

We know what takes place when money is plentiful and has been accumulating for some time. Loans are raised, trade throughout the whole country expands, new companies are floated by the score, and our commitments at home and abroad grow to an enormous extent.

This has naturally the effect of raising prices and relatively lowering the value of gold, leading, of course, to an export of that metal, when a panic or a crisis such as we have just had becomes necessary to lower prices—that is, to raise the relative value of gold. This means that the Bank of England increases its reserve at the expense of the trade of the country, and will continue to do so as long as she has the monopoly of trading in gold.

Sir Robert Peel, in a speech delivered in the House of Commons on the 6th of May, 1844, made the following statement:—

"The precious metals are distributed among the various countries of the world by laws which, without our interference, will allot to our share all that we require. The export of gold, whether coin or bullion, is governed by precisely the same laws which govern the export of every other article. Gold will not leave this country unless gold be dearer in some other country than it is in this, nor while there is any article of our produce or manufacture which can be exported in exchange for foreign produce with more profitable return."

This sound principle which Peel laid down, unfortunately he did not follow out. His Bank Charter Act, as experience has proved, instead of curing the evil, has tended rather to aggravate it.

It has been pointed out by writers in the past, and is no new theory, that the root of the evil is the monopoly of the trade in gold which the Bank of England enjoys. When gold flows into the Bank of England, it leads to an over-issue of credit at low rates of interest. The joint-stock banks and discount houses who have large credits at their command enter into transactions which have a tremendous effect on the value of money. It is this enormous mass of credit, which is resting on and backed up by an insufficient gold reserve, that is the danger. It becomes impossible for the Bank of England to attract gold here to any extent when the banks and discount houses compete with one another in cutting down rates to one and a half per cent. below the Bank rate of discount.

Our principle of working is unsound.

The fact that we required assistance from the Bank of France and Russia in the late crisis indicates that it is so.

Our aim must be to keep a larger gold reserve in this country.

I fail to see why there should exist such a prejudice against the issuing of £1 notes in England, when the great bulk of our commerce is carried on with paper money, viz., cheques and bills of exchange.

Why should not the Bank of England, the London and Westminster Bank, and other leading institutions, issue bank-notes, redeemable in gold, from £1 upwards? This would compel these banks to hold in their coffers such a stock of gold as they considered sufficient for their transactions.

A limit on these issues might be fixed by law if necessary. If this freedom of trade in gold were granted, their business would be worked on the same principle as any other merchant's, and would be regulated by the natural law of supply and demand.

The currency would then acquire a stability which it lacks at present, and the benefits resulting to trade and commerce would be incalculable.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

37, Lombard Street. D. M. MASON.

OMNISCIENCE IN ECCLES.

["THEY (the Gladstonians) are vastly annoyed that Mr. William O'Brien should have hesitated to sacrifice his chief, like others have done (*sic*), in order to facilitate the crooked strategy of the political Dissenter and the Radical wire-puller."—MR. H. H. HOWORTH, letter to the *Times*, January 14th.]

OH, the nations were wrapped in the blackness of night,
They were lawless and reckless, and fond and forlorn;
And they stumbled and groped in despair for the light,
Till at last Mr. Howorth of Eccles was born.

Then Folly grew dumb, and the bluster was cowed
Of those who by Howorth were sweetly beguiled;
And Wisdom, the mother that bore him, was proud
As she lovingly looked on her Lancashire child.

How the planets were planned, why the moon draws the tides,
Why the sparks must fly upwards, while apples must fall;
Why a mammoth had tusks, and an angle has sides—
Just ask him these questions, he'll answer them all.

Why a boot should be black, why a snow-flake is white,
Why our life is so short, and his letters so long;
And why Mr. Howorth of Eccles is right,
And the rest of the world so deplorably wrong—

Why lies should proceed from the father of lies,
Why the hue of the kettle is mocked by the pot;
Why folly is folly, and wisdom is wise;
Why Howorth is Howorth, and other men not—

He knows and explains; and he states his belief
That Dissenters are crooked when Rads pull the wire;
And he glows as he cheers for the pestilent chief
Who has dragged both his cause and himself in the mire.

But he fails to account for the number of fools
Who, dissenting from Howorth, are guilty of crimes;
And he states not why grammar presumes to have rules
Which are broken by Howorth, who writes to the *Times*,

Why the mountains in labour are fruitful of mice,
Why the world, reading Howorth, cries sadly, "Enough!"
Why a man of three H's should give us advice,
And why Mr. Buckle should publish the stuff.

R. C. L.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,
Friday, January 16th, 1891.

AIRS and floating echoes occasionally reach us syllabling the intelligence that at last, after nearly sixty years of waiting, an authoritative Life of Samuel Taylor Coleridge ("beneficially abridged Esteesee") may be shortly expected. Whether Rumour lies, as her wont is, we have not the slightest notion; and whilst we are not prepared to say that the airs and floating echoes before referred to are of the kind which, in the words of a poet who was very easily bored, "convey a melancholy into all our day," still neither can we truthfully assert that a really thick Life of Coleridge would be likely to make men merry. It is very easy to please some people, no doubt. It is narrated of Mr. Justice Wightman that he was once discovered out of term one very cold day gloating over a large fire and the Life and Letters of Mrs. Hannah More. But old-fashioned judges—and Wightman was that kind—were so much in the habit of listening to what was said to them in court, that they found it always gratifying to read to themselves when out of it.

It is odd to contrast the dignified place which Coleridge occupied at the time of his death, and still

occupies in the minds of all lovers of literature, with the undignified creatures who wrote about him. Cottle, Gillman, Allsop are not names to conjure with. The unfortunate subject of their lucubrations seems never, whilst in their hands, to escape from a dull back-parlour in a third-rate street in a provincial town with horse-hair chairs and a stale smell of opium.

Joseph Cottle, the brother of Amos, the author of "The Sparrow and the Gudgeon," and an epic or two, is the best of these Coleridgian biographers, and his two volumes of "Early Recollections" contain many good things, oddly told; but the general effect produced is shabby and unsatisfactory. A scholar, a poet with the finest ear in Europe, a critic like unto none before or since, ought not to be found writing dull, twaddling letters, even to Joseph Cottle. It may be attributable to lack of humour; most things are nowadays. But Coleridge had humour, and sarcasm too. He could ridicule, not only his friends, but himself. Perhaps he did the former a little more like life. He writes to Cottle, "I sent to the *Monthly Magazine* (1797) three mock sonnets, in ridicule of my own poems and Charles Lloyd's and Lamb's, exposing that affectation of unaffectedness, of jumping and misplaced accent, in commonplace epithets, flat lines forced into poetry by italics (signifying how well and mouthishly the author would read them), puny pathos, etc., etc. The instances were almost all taken from myself, and Lamb, and Lloyd. I signed them Nehemiah Higginbotham. I think they may do good to our young bards. God love you.—S. T. C." Here is one of the sonnets, "To Simplicity;" it is after Lamb:—

"O! I do love thee, meek Simplicity!
For of thy lays the lulling simpleness
Goes to my heart and soothes each small distress—
Distress though small, yet haply great to me.
'Tis true on Lady Fortune's gentlest pad
I amble on—yet though I know not why,
So sad I am! but should a friend and I
Grow cold and miff, O! I am very sad!
And then with sonnets and with sympathy
My dreamy bosom's mystic woes I pall,
Now of my false friend 'plaining plaintively,
Now raving at mankind in general:
But whether sad or fierce, 'tis simple all—
All very simple—meek Simplicity."

Charles Lamb did not, so it is said, at all appreciate his poetical partner and co-author turning the productions of the firm into ridicule—but the Sonnet to Simplicity may have done him good, as Coleridge piously hoped, for all that.

Allsop must have been a figure of fun. His two volumes about Coleridge contain some interesting letters, lively criticism of Sir Walter Scott, and scraps of conversation; but the ridiculous character of the compiler hangs over the whole book, and makes it almost contemptible. The story of the man with Lamb's smile is growing stale, but it can never altogether lose its aroma. Here it is, italics and all:—

"I have said that I never knew anyone who at all approached or resembled our delightful housemate. I am wrong. I once met a man with his smile. His smile. There is nothing like it upon earth, unless perchance this man survives. And yet how unlike in every other regard, personal and mental; not that the man who had by some most extraordinary means acquired or appropriated this *sunshine of the face* was at all deficient in mental qualities. . . . He was, I believe, a stockbroker. . . . Yet this man had never known Lamb, still his smile was the same—the *selfsame* expression on a different face—if indeed whilst that smile passed it you could see any difference. To those who wish to see the only thing left on earth, *if it is still left*, of Lamb, his best and most beautiful remain, his smile, I will indicate its possessor—Mr. Harman, of Throgmorton Street!"

To have a creature like this tied to his tail would have made Julius Cæsar ridiculous. One must compassionate Coleridge upon his biographers. They were ridiculous, and not dull. Wordsworth's luck, so humorously described by De Quincey, followed him in the tomb. His biography is unreadable. Not risible, not absurd, not disappointing—in the sense of beginning well and then falling off again—but from first to last, from birth to death, absolutely impossible. No one has ever read the Life of Wordsworth. Yet there it is, decent, clerical, composed, with an admirable portrait. Wordsworth was indeed a lucky fellow.

Gillman's Life of Coleridge, like Hogg's Life of Shelley, is a fragment. There all resemblance ceases. It is dull and awkward. The most recent of Coleridge's biographers, Mr. Ashe, in the new Aldine Edition of the Poems, has his subject at his fingers' ends. Mr. Dykes Campbell perhaps might be able to trip him up over a date, or even to correct his bibliography, but Mr. Ashe's knowledge will stand any less severe test. But it has not engendered reverence. Mr. Ashe raps the author of "Christabel" pretty sharply over the knuckles at times. This jars upon me. Petty fault-finding with the dead is an odious task. Yet what is to be done? If there is to be an authoritative and lengthy Life of Coleridge, what other tone is there for it to adopt?

It is impossible, at this distance of time, to be patronising and admit the public on payment of thirty-six shillings to two carefully swept volumes ending with a nicely selected view of the Highgate Seer as the Christian Philosopher. The chatter of half a century, the Cottles and the Allsops, the De Quinceys and the Carlyles, have put that out of the question.

How much of Coleridge is still fruitful for man, and how much has Time put up for ever in his wallet? This is the question the biographer of Coleridge must ask himself again and again. It is a difficult question. To answer it hastily would be disrespectful to many distinguished men—mostly dead men no doubt, but none the less distinguished on that account. Many will be found to answer it by saying, the Poet, the Critic, and the Table-talker live; the rest no longer counts. Some might insist on adding the Leading-Article Writer.

Coleridge's poetry—meaning thereby his best things—and his Criticism are known to everybody; but his volume of "Table-Talk," though of course well known, is not so widely distributed, so generally to be found within an arm's-length of everywhere, as it ought to be. Were we alone on Salisbury Plain, I would whisper in your ear, "Coleridge's 'Table-Talk' is better than Selden's, more varied than Luther's, almost as readable and vastly more instructive than Dr. Johnson's." Mr. Traill, an excellent judge of a book, pronounces it "one of the most delightful in the world."

It is (thank Heaven!) entirely free from any trace of Cottle or of Allsop, and is in no way reminiscent of Mr. Gillman's back-parlour. We have in it the scholar, the gentleman, the poet, the politician, the critic, and the theologian, each very much at his ease. Of course it is S. T. C. all the time. "For one mercy I owe thanks beyond all utterance—that with my gastric and bowel distempers, my head hath ever been like the head of a mountain in blue air and sunshine." There is something piteous in this thankfulness.

"Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning."

But would this hasty answer be the right one? To lop off the philosopher is a bold stroke. Take down the first volume of Mr. J. S. Mill's "Dissertations and Discussions," and turn to the article "Coleridge," first published in 1840, six years after the poet's death. Mill was not a disciple, but with

what solemnity does he write of the master! "Every Englishman of the present day is by implication either a Benthamite or a Coleridgian." "The time is yet far distant when in the estimate of Coleridge, and of his influence upon the intellect of our time, anything like unanimity can be looked for." "As a philosopher, the class of thinkers has scarcely yet arisen by whom he is to be judged." These sentences suffice to show that in Mill's opinion Coleridge was not merely an influential and suggestive writer, but a great thinker destined to engage the concentrated attention of students for long years to come.

Fifty years have gone by since Mill's article, and unless the judgment be that Coleridge was not a philosopher at all, no other has been passed, nor does it look as if one were in course of preparation. Tractarians and nebulous persons have owed Coleridge much, and drunk inspiration at his fountains, but they have passed away to other things than his. The men of philosophy nowadays do not want Coleridge's religion, nor do the men of religion want his philosophy. His "Aids to Reflection" stirred youthful piety, and awoke a new interest in the writings of Archbishop Leighton and other Divines of the best period of our Church's history. His views on Bibliolatry made parents uneasy as they heard the "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit" crudely reproduced at the tea-table by their children. But this is now all ancient history. It would be a task for one wizard to set another to construct a soul-shelter, warranted to stand a week's wear and tear, out of the odds and ends of Coleridgian ways of thought.

If this indeed be so, the Life of Coleridge need not be a very long one. Perhaps there hardly need be one at all. Coleridge's best is priceless. This mortal has put on immortality. Why seek the living amongst the unbeautiful dead and a sordid past? Close your Cottle; open your "Christabel." Forget De Quincey's spite and Carlyle's scorn, and read "Kubla Khan," and the next time you go a railway journey slip the "Table-Talk" into your pocket.

A. B.

REVIEWS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY. By John G. Nicolay and John Hay. New York: The Century Company. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

THIS gigantic book has very properly been entitled a history rather than a biography. As a biography, it would probably be the biggest that has ever been written. Even as a history, it has few competitors, being considerably longer than Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," or Mr. Freeman's "Norman Conquest," and not much shorter than Henri Martin's "History of France." It fills ten volumes, of about five hundred pages each, making, in all, nearly five thousand large octavo pages. No mere biography could fill so great a space, especially as there are few letters, and no diary; all is narrative and comment. But, in fact, though called by Mr. Lincoln's name, the book contains the material for three books worked up into one. There is a narrative, and a very minute narrative, of Mr. Lincoln's personal life. There is a political history of the United States, from the party Conventions of 1856 down till Lincoln's death in April, 1865; a history, which, of course, becomes much more minute during the four years and two months of his presidency. And there is a military history of the Civil War, not less full, and perhaps more exact than that which Thiers has given of the campaigns of Napoleon. Thus, the book is virtually a history of the struggle, first political, then military also, between the Northern and the Southern States, which slavery provoked, and which led to its extinction.

The theme is a great one, and it has fallen into worthy hands. Messrs. Nicolay and Hay were the President's private secretaries, and they had, therefore, the best means of knowing all that he did, and of understanding the motives that guided him. While still in his service, they formed the design of recording the events which they saw passing, and they have laboured assiduously ever since at the task, collecting and sifting all the information attainable that bore upon their enterprise. With the view of testing the correctness of what they had gathered, as well as of eliciting further details, they hit upon the happy device of publishing many of these chapters in the *Century Magazine*, inviting criticisms and additions. These flowed in freely, and have been found very serviceable. The result is a work which may fairly be called monumental in this sense, that it will long remain, not only to witness to the diligence and industry which have built it up, but also to preserve, in an admirable form, the memory of the great man to whom it is consecrated. It has taken its place among what we call the Sources of History, for it is not a mere compilation, but partly a record of matters within the immediate knowledge of the authors, partly the result of an examination by them of existing evidence which cannot be equally well undertaken by inquirers in later generations, who will want the direct personal familiarity with the circumstances and feelings of the time which contemporaries possess. True it is that contemporaries often lose, in respect of partisanship, as much as they gain in respect of knowledge. These authors, however, are not partisans. They are, perhaps, too much disposed to admire and applaud Lincoln in everything; but this tendency is so common among biographers that the reader knows how to allow for it. That they should be also more severe in their judgments of Southern politicians than an European historian would be, is natural, for the time has not yet arrived when an American, or at least an American over fifty years of age, can write of that great struggle with dispassionate composure. But such feeling as they show does not impair our confidence in their truthfulness and accuracy—the qualities most needed for the purpose of a book like this—while the warmth occasionally displayed enables us to realise more vividly the sentiments of those who surrounded Lincoln during the three and a half terrible years when the fate of the Union hung in the balance.

That so huge a book should be interesting all through, except to those who are already interested in the matter it relates to, is too much to expect. Most readers will enjoy the graphic description in the first volume of Lincoln's youth, and of the strange, rough society in the midst of which he grew up: but comparatively few Englishmen will persevere through the long account of political combinations and movements which follow. It would take the most finished rhetorical art to keep the curiosity and attention of European readers alive through a narrative so minutely detailed as that which fills the eight latter volumes. If Messrs. Nicolay and Hay have not such art as Macaulay, they have the merits of freshness and vigour. They are intensely interested themselves in the story they tell. They are able to enliven the discussion of policies and negotiations by little personal incidents. Their familiarity with most of the men most prominent in the Cabinet or Congress or the army during the war, enables them to cast light upon the idiosyncrasies of these persons and their relations to the President. Much curious light is thus thrown upon Seward, Chase, Stanton, and McClellan, not to speak of less famous names. There has never, in modern times, been a war in which politics played so large a part, and not the least instructive part of the book is the way in which it brings out the connection between military movements and political considerations, and the illustrations it supplies of the points of weakness, as well

as of strength, whose existence in a democratic State the stress of war reveals. Of the Confederate statesmen and Confederate generals, much less is said; and the judgments passed on them, as on Jefferson Davis and Stonewall Jackson, are usually harsh. An equally full and careful history, written from the Southern point of view, would, in this respect, be a valuable complement and corrective to the present work. It need hardly be said that Jefferson Davis' "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government" is very far from being such a history; it is virtually a vindication of himself and of his cause from first to last.

To attempt any detailed criticism of a book of this magnitude would lead us far beyond the limits of a newspaper notice. Enough has been said to mark out the position which it has already taken as a vast repertory of information regarding one of the most interesting periods of recent history—a period the difficulty of studying which is increased, rather than diminished, by the enormous mass of materials which exist. These materials had hitherto been undigested, and contained much that was false mixed with the true. They have now been sifted with a thoroughness which leaves little to be desired; and though subsequent inquiries will no doubt set many aspects of this great conflict in other lights than those here presented, no future history is likely to supersede this, which will indeed be, in our opinion, the foundation on which aftercomers will be forced to build. Having said this, we need hardly add that the work of Messrs. Nicolay and Hay is one which every public library ought to possess.

So much for the book; and now, before we close, a few words must be said on the central figure. It says much for the greatness of this figure that his presence makes itself constantly felt even in a canvas so crowded with statesmen and soldiers. Abraham Lincoln was less brilliant than many of those who surrounded him, and some of those who stood opposed to him. He was not a striking orator, nor a well-trained administrator, nor remarkable for any of those gifts by which men commonly impress their fellows, and rise to the top in popular governments. In knowledge and literary culture, he was not above the level—and it is a pretty low level—of the average Congressman. His greatness, so far as it was intellectual, lay chiefly in a certain solidity and balance of mind, a penetration of insight and breadth of view which enabled him to see things as they were, and to choose the course which offered fewest dangers. Acute and quick he was on occasion, as some of the incidents in his famous sensational debating contest with Stephen A. Douglas proved, yet his acuteness was less remarkable than the soundness and weight of his judgment. It was, however, what may be called the moral strength of his character that made these intellectual qualities so precious, and raised him to be the real leader of the nation. He had a singularly calm temper, great candour, great patience. His feelings were sensitive; but there was so little personal vanity in his sensitiveness that it did not betray him into suspicion or jealousy, but rather served to quicken his sympathy and render his tact more delicate. The want of refinement which "cultured" Eastern men or Europeans occasionally censured in him was the result of his earlier life in an unpolished society; for in the essentials which go to make what we call the "gentleman" there was no deficiency. The humorous bent of his mind, often thought unbecoming, served not only to relieve his own natural melancholy, but also to cheer the North at many a dark moment. But the quality which most shines out from these memoirs, and which helped him most to win the hearts of the people, was the kindliness of his nature, and his consideration for the feelings of others. Nearly all men who have been great in the active sphere have a certain sternness of temper and ruthlessness of purpose, which enables them to brush away those who encumber their path, and trample down those who resist their will. Lincoln had sometimes to do this, but he did it sparingly and with evident distress. One feels, in following his career, as if he was scarcely hard enough for the position in which he found himself. That he nevertheless succeeded, was due mainly to his sincerity and unselfishness, which drew men to him, and enabled him to accomplish by soft means what less pure characters would have had to do by rude force. It was very largely due to this example of gentleness and composure which their Chief Magistrate set them, during the crisis of the strife, and in the days of victory, that the Northern people showed to the defeated South a clemency without precedent in the annals of civil war, a clemency which experience has shown to have been also the soundest policy. In this, as in many other ways, Abraham Lincoln deserves that canonisation as a second *Parens Patriæ* which his countrymen have bestowed upon him.

A LADY OF THE LAST CENTURY.

Political and Social Letters of a Lady of the Eighteenth Century (1721–1771). Edited by Emily F. D. Osborn. With four Illustrations. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh

We have to thank Miss Osborn for a pretty and interesting book. She has done very well in not keeping hidden these letters of her grandfather's great-grandmother, but in letting outsiders read in them the life of a bygone age. Would that other ladies, who dwell where their forefathers for many generations dwelt, may rummage their old repositories, and bring to light other papers of equal, or even greater, interest; for it is by the study of letters such as these that we really come to understand the life of past ages. The march of the historian is no doubt often glorious and stately, but in his big strides the tiny footsteps of the countless men and women and children are passed over with indifference, or even scorn. A few of them we can trace in the work before us. The lady of the eighteenth century, the Hon. Mrs. Osborn, would have fared ill if measured by our present standard of competitive examinations. In any High School for Girls she would be an object of pity, if not of derision. Her spelling to the last was eccentric. She illustrates the following remark of Johnson's, recorded by Miss Burney in 1779:—"He spoke of the amazing progress made of late years in literature by the women. He said he was himself astonished at it, and told them he well remembered when a woman who could spell a common letter was regarded as all-accomplished; but now they vied with the men in everything." A few instances of Mrs. Osborn's spelling will show what sort of education in literature was given to a nobleman's daughter at the beginning of last century.—"Ratclif Church, Bristol, which is extream fine, shuld be," she says, "a patron for all that are built." By *patron* she clearly means *pattern*. "I sate down to Ginea Comerce," she writes, "with Dutches of Wharton, the pooll seven gineas, and I very near wining of it." "Fricassee," she writes *frigacy*, and vastly, *varstly*. The chimney-sweeper is the *chimdy man*. But perhaps she shocks us most when she writes:—"He told it at Stuckley's, and was so serious that we all bile at it. Sister Byng assured me it was no jist, he told us all perticlers." Lord Chesterfield surely must have been guilty of great exaggeration when, in reproaching his son, in 1750, with spelling induce *enduce*, and grandeur *grandure*, he says that "these are two faults of which few of my housemaids would have been guilty." Such spelling as Mrs. Osborn's shows that ladies were not only untrained in orthography, but, what was far worse, in correct pronunciation. In this, however, they were not behind the fine ladies of the present age, who, if they spell more correctly, are in their utterance the feeblest of Cockneys.

With all her bad spelling, Mrs. Osborn showed herself a woman of courage and strong character.

She was left a widow at twenty-four, with a burthen of debt on the inheritance of her little son, Sir Danvers Osborn. She took the management of the property into her own hands, and managed it wisely till he came of age. He was appointed Governor of New York in 1753. Miss Osborn says in her Introduction, page 12, "He arrived at New York on October 6, and died there six days later, but the cause of his untimely death I have never been able to discover." If she will turn to Dr. Birkbeck Hill's edition of Boswell's "Johnson," vol. iv., p. 181, n. 3, she will find it suggested, with much probability, that he killed himself. She herself says that "he never seems to have recovered his spirit after his wife's death." What Mrs. Osborn had done for her son she had now, at the age of sixty, to do for her little grandsons. "Too much of business," she wrote, "clouds the understanding. I have had more of it than many women of my age." As if she had not troubles enough there came upon her at this time the trial and most cruel execution of her brother, Admiral Byng. Thirty-four years earlier she had written about him:—"I heartily rejoice to hear Jacky is a Lieut." And now poor "Jacky" was put to death "*pour encourager les autres*." His last brief and touching letter to her, which he gave to the marshal a few minutes before he was shot, is given by Miss Osborn. It is not very gracious to wish for more when so much is given, but we regret that it was not reproduced by photography. "Jacky" appears early in his career in a very curious passage, which throws a good deal of light on old official ways. His uncle, Mrs. Osborn's brother, the Hon. Robert Byng, was Paymaster of the Navy. She wrote to him in 1726:—"I have been thinking if I could not have a little assistance from you. I remember once you did scrape up a little chest of candles for Jacky from the office. I say no more, for if it neither suits conscience nor convenience I do not ask it." The scraping up of the candles was nothing but pilfering of public stores. A few years later she found herself, no doubt, in even greater need of assistance, for she and other people who had farms to let had as great trouble in finding tenants as if they had been living in our days. In 1733 she writes that ten landowners whom she had met one day were after one tenant. "I put them all in an uproar by telling them that I had sent after him and seen him. They all begged if he did not succeed in you that I would let them know." Some of these distressed landowners might have envied the headmaster of Winchester School, who had "ten young noblemen's sons that live with him, for which he has £200 a year for each. These, with four other young gentlemen of the school, met us in the ffeild a hunting, they and their attendance and ours made in all forty people, and after very good sport all came home to dine here [at Chilbolton]. Indeed, I have not seen a finer sight than these boys and their master together."

Want of space allows us merely to refer to her dining at Court in June on "pheasant with eggs and pheasant poults which is shameful," to the panic caused by the Young Pretender, "when there is not a soul to be seen but in nightgowns and tears," and to the general election of 1767, when "nabobs, contractors, silversmiths, bankrupts, are in high luck, there will hardly be 200 real gentlemen in the House. The landed interest dyed with the last Parliament." We can merely draw attention to a most interesting but far too brief report of the famous speech made by Pitt in January, 1766, against "influence."

"He who would bring home the wealth of the Indies must carry the wealth of the Indies with him." He who would fully enjoy such a collection of letters as these must bring to them a familiarity with the life of the eighteenth century. Nevertheless the ordinary reader, when he comes to the last page will feel grateful that one hundred and fifty years ago a son disregarded his mother's command, and did not burn her letters "immediately."

THE ORIGIN OF STARS.

THE METEORITIC HYPOTHESIS. A Statement of the Results of a Spectroscopic Inquiry into the Origin of Cosmical Systems. By J. Norman Lockyer, F.R.S., etc. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890

IN this handsome volume of 560 pages we have a notable endeavour to broaden the nebular hypothesis of Kant and Laplace until it embraces all that is known of the dynamics and chemistry of meteorites, together with all that the spectroscope has taught us about the heavenly bodies during the last thirty years. Beginning with references to a few of the earlier accounts of the descent of "stones from heaven," whence, according to the views of the ancients, they had been cast by the immortal gods, as messengers to man, the author describes, more or less fully, a few of the more remarkable meteoric falls that have occurred in the Middle Ages or in our own times.

Splendid materials Mr. Lockyer has had to work upon—some of a purely literary character, such as the late Dr. Flight's admirable "Chapter on the History of Meteorites," Prof. Maskelyne's "Lecture Notes," and Schiaparelli's essays on the connection of comets and meteorites. Other and more corporeal materials, in the shape of fragments of undoubted meteorites, were furnished by the trustees of the British Museum. These fragments were submitted to a searching spectroscopic examination, under the action of heat and electricity, partly on lines already devised by Prof. Wright of Yale College. In common with this investigator, Mr. Lockyer was able to evoke from these fragments the hydrogen lines so characteristic of nebulæ, together with hydro-carbon bands such as are shown by comets. The next step put the author on new ground, in that he apparently invariably found it possible to detect an elementary form of the spectrum of magnesium reduced practically to a single line, that line being coincident with the chief line in the spectra of nebulæ, which has hitherto been so great an enigma to spectroscopists. This "fact" may be called the keystone of the new hypothesis, and ought forthwith to be tested by other investigators, in the laboratory on meteorites, and in the observatory on nebulæ. As a pioneer, the author naturally used apparatus of comparatively restricted power, so as to obtain a rough general survey of these new fields of research, but all attempts to confirm or disprove his conclusions should be made with the most complete and powerful appliances that can be devised. To say the least, it is very remarkable that magnesium, which in one form or other is an invariable constituent of meteorites, should yield light identical, or almost absolutely identical, with the greater part of the rays emitted by the so-called gaseous nebulæ. When we also find these same meteorites with a slightly different treatment yielding spectra identical with those of comets' tails, and that under yet other conditions they more or less completely imitate the light afforded by various classes of stars, the sun included, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that in meteorites we have before us the very materials of which nebulæ, comets, and stars, are composed. With regard to nebulæ this was already suggested by Professor Tait, as long ago as 1871. Mr. Lockyer is, however, the first to attempt to explain all visible cosmical phenomena by the agency of meteorites.

Starting from the laboratory experiments, it is most satisfactorily shown that luminous meteors and falling stars are of the same origin as the meteorites that occasionally succeed in running the gauntlet of our atmosphere. More difficulty is found with the aurora, which although possibly in some measure qualified by the presence of meteoritic particles, or their exhalations, in the upper regions of the air, is strongly controlled by the earth, as is proved by the parallelism of its rays to the direction of a freely suspended magnet. That large quantities of fine meteoritic dust reach the surface of our planet seems to be proved by the particles collected

by Nordenskjöld on the Arctic snows, as well as by some of the materials dredged up from the profoundest ocean depths by the *Challenger* Expedition.

Extending his researches next to the solar system, the author accepts all that has been done by Kirkwood, Schiaparelli, and others, to show on dynamical grounds that comets are nothing but meteor swarms which revolve about the sun, some as casual visitors, others as more permanent members of the solar system. These last, however, have not always moved in their present paths, but have been gathered in from outer space at one time or other by the disturbing action of the greater planets. These lines of reasoning are supported by a lucid summary of the spectroscopy of comets. The spectra of comets, it is almost needless to say, present an almost monotonous uniformity, so long as the comet is far from the sun, but rapidly increase in beauty, brightness, and complexity whenever a comet is subjected to the ordeal of a close perihelion passage. All the wonderful phenomena observed on these rare occasions find a ready interpretation when regarded from the standpoint of the meteoritic hypothesis. The faint luminous beam known as the zodiacal light sends to us rays that have been polarised by reflection, whence we may safely conclude that it is due to a ring of scattered particles surrounding the sun. These particles may more readily be assumed to be fragments of meteorites than anything else, seeing that it is extremely doubtful whether they have ever afforded any other spectrum than that of greatly enfeebled sunlight, and we are thus without any clue as to their real nature.

Leaving the solar system, we are next introduced to the new hypothesis as applied to the nebulæ. The mechanical part of the theory will strongly recommend itself to most readers for the simple way in which it permits various classes of planetary nebulæ to be regarded as the "collision-shells" of a large number of elliptical orbits of meteorites distributed about a common centre. But as each meteorite must have some sort of an atmosphere of its own, it does not seem impossible that a considerable amount of light might be developed without any collision of the solid parts of the meteorites themselves. An instance of such a collision-surface is undoubtedly afforded by the earth's atmosphere during a meteoric shower, although the collisions do not take place between meteorites and meteorites. The spectroscopic evidence of the meteoritic nature of nebulæ has been already referred to.

From the nebulæ the author passes to the consideration of the stars themselves, beginning with those of which the spectra consist mainly of bright lines, thus proving their near relation to nebulæ. These remarkable bodies form the first of seven groups into which Mr. Lockyer divides the starry contents of the heavens. All the light and heat are due to collisions or condensation. Variable stars are held to consist of two or more swarms of meteorites in various stages of condensation, revolving in suitable periods about their common centre of gravity, their more or less direct collisions regulating the quantity of light.

The chief novelty of this new classification consists in regarding the temperature as increasing in the first half of the series until it reaches a maximum in Group IV., represented by stars like Sirius and Alpha Lyræ, which have the violet ends of their spectra strongly developed, while they are interrupted by broad and black lines due to the absorption of vast atmospheres of hydrogen. The descending side of the scale is marked chiefly by carbon absorption productive of deeper and deeper tints of red, ending eventually in the extinction of all luminosity. These speculations are of a more hopeful character than most of those hitherto set forth by cosmogonists, in so far that the great majority of the celestial bodies are regarded as in process of formation. Our own sun seems, however, already to have advanced as far as the fifth group, and has, therefore, fully entered on the cooling stage.

For the earnest student the book will be invaluable, if only for the numerous quotations from volumes difficult of access, as well as the frequent references to the sources whence the historical materials are drawn; and if many of the conclusions seem doubtful or premature, the means by which they can be tested are often clearly indicated. The author himself evidently foresaw the possibility of such doubts when writing the following lines of the preface, with which we conclude our imperfect notice of this deeply interesting volume:—

> "It is not in the nature of things that a large mass of detailed work and inquiry, which has taken my assistants and myself three years to get together, shall be found free from error, especially since observations made by many men in many lands—frequently under conditions of great difficulty—form part of the basis of the discussion. Nor, again, is it likely, or even desirable, that the general hypothesis, if it be found of any value at all, shall not be improved when fresh minds are brought to bear upon it."

The volume is abundantly illustrated from beginning to end.

A BOOK OF BOULEVARD VERSES.

Sonnailles et Clochettes. Par Théodore de Banville. Paris: G. Charpentier et Cie.

A book of poems has just been published which calls up delightful memories of Paris where it is most Parisian. Under the captivating title, "Sonnailles et Clochettes"—which adds the pretty and suggestive word *sonnaille* to the French language—M. de Banville has strung together, in chronological order, sixty-two little poems, written *au jour le jour*, on slight occasion or none, for the fortunate readers of *Gil Blas*. A lyric poet of real genius, a writer of exquisite lyrical prose, M. de Banville has a reputation in France something like that of Mr. Swinburne in England for unparalleled mastery over words and metres, though, in the case of the Frenchman, it is true, that mastery is often carried to the lengths of a very Ingoldsby. Alfred de Musset was the first to break the monotony of French verse by indulging in dexterous familiarities of rhyme, which were certainly well in keeping with his sometimes flat and hackneyed conventionalities of expression. M. de Banville, who at his best is more spontaneously lyrical than Musset, has perhaps at times allowed his dexterity to intrude where such qualities as mere cleverness are out of place—a charge to which Browning, among English poets, is similarly open. But in these rhymes of the Boulevards, written to amuse Achille and Ninon over their ices at Tortoni's, Paul and Lise over their *bock* at the Café Vachette, there is a free field for every sort of ingenuity, and M. de Banville has put every sort of ingenuity into them. The first poem in the book, addressed to Catulle Mendès, is a triumph of unexpected rhyming, consisting entirely of *rimes riches*, such as "Philistins" and "Philis teints," "riz mates" and "rîmates." A saucy little poem called "Variante" begins with a yet more ingenious combination of rhymes:—

> "Lila, personne orientale,
> Qu'on n'égale qu'aux Dieux et qu'aux
> Rois, dit: Je suis l'Horizontale
> Dont on parle dans les Échos."

Three songs with refrains venture on quatrains in which two masculine rhymes are followed by two feminine rhymes. One splendid little piece, "Thalie," is a sort of parody, in form as in substance, of Gautier's profession of faith, the epilogue to the "Émaux et Camées." Banville addresses the Muse of Comedy with a comically reticent adoration, and her reply is extremely straightforward and encouraging. It sounds less moral than it really is, so it must not be quoted.

The public or private events which set these little bells tinkling are as varied as the strike of navvies

in August, 1888, the founding of the *Écho de Paris* in October, 1888, the opening of the Exhibition in May, 1889, the hot summer that year, or a belated lament for the loss of that *tignasse d'Absalon* which the poet, now "bald as Æschylus," assures us he once possessed. The allusions to matters of the moment, to people not generally known out of Paris, to popular types and popular sayings, to passages in plays and operas, the puns and slang, make some of these poems rather difficult reading in London. There are constant quotations from or references to La Fontaine, Molière, Rabelais; the "Messieurs venus de l'Autriche" of *La Dame Blanche* appear again and again; "le chat de Salis" might not immediately be recognised as the "Chat-Noir"; one fears that even Jocrisse and Javotte are not so well known over here as they should be. To Parisians one of the great charms of these impromptus consists in their witty and *à propos* references to current topics. How neat this is, for instance:—

"Ã bas la sagesse vieillotte,
Puisque heureusement la chair est
Faible, quand le bal papillote
Comme une affiche de Chéret!"

One might wish that those famous posters, so marvellously inventive in design and colour, so extraordinarily living, and always so gay and joyous, were well enough known to be at least imitated on our dismal London walls, where only a slight attempt is now and then made to brighten things, as, very recently, by the Roumanian who did the rather cheerful advertisement of the French Exhibition. The Théâtre-Libre of Antoine—to which an allusion occurs on another page—is well enough known by name, but when are we to have the thing itself in our midst, as we certainly should? Among many playful poems, some are quite serious and quite exquisite, as, for instance, the little song in honour of Victor Hugo's "Toute la Lyre"; others are ironically exact studies of literary affectations—as in "Pessimisme" and the poem about "le Cochon moderniste"—or of the men and women whose tedious nights at the *cabarets* end with the sunrise. Very fine is the study of this sort called "Noce":—

"La nuit meurt. C'est bientôt l'heure
Frissonnante du matin,
Où dans les bois le vent pleure
Doux et parfumé de thym.

"Des soupeurs, faisant la guerre
Ã leur vieil ennui bavard,
S'ébattent dans un vulgaire
Cabaret du boulevard."

The picture is painted with an admirable impressionism, and, indeed, may be compared with some paintings of that modern French school which has discovered the picturesque side of vulgarity. Still eminently Parisian, but with an effect as of Offenbach after an effect as of Degas, is the poem with which one closes the volume, the poem of "Flirt," in which the processional of flirtation culminates—

"Où l'Infini vertigineux
Flirte avec les Étoiles."

JOTTINGS—VARIOUS.

Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ: The Familiar Letters of James Howell. Edited by W. H. Bennett. Two vols. London: David Stott.

A Journalist's Jottings. By W. Beatty-Kingston. Two vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

Thirty Years of my Life on Three Continents. By Edwin de Leon. Two vols. London: Ward & Downey.

THERE is a little water-creature revealed by that great thaumaturge, the microscopist, which has two coats, and can endure, without inconvenience, a dry heat up to 212° Fahr. He may lie for years desiccated in some out-of-the-way corner, but as soon as a drop of rain touches him he becomes all alive, and goes grubbing about among the water-plants in a most independent manner. If the sun should suck him up into a cloud he doesn't care, but wraps himself tightly in his two coats, and, content and self-contained, floats between heaven and earth awaiting the next episode. This enviable and almost invisible little fellow is the counterpart in the inferior creation of that species of men who, if they have James Howell's incapacity to lay a large grasp on the world, are blessed like him with the good-humour, self-satisfaction, and adaptability of a true cosmopolite. Though such a man may have "many aspiring and airy odd thoughts," and be, "on occasion of a sudden distemper, sometimes a madman, sometimes a fool, sometimes a melancholy odd fellow," having "the humours within him that belong to all three," since common-sense is the chief quality of his mind, he can endure his flights of fancy even to 212° Fahr.; and whether he be lifted up above the earth in a glowing cloud of royal favour, or laid aside waiting for the drop of rain from on high that shall swell him out once more to his portly proportions, he is always patient, self-reliant—knows himself, and knows the world.

People complain nowadays that they have no time for literature, there are so many newspapers to read, every right-thinking person being expected to know daily the current news of the world, not later in the evening than the issue of the "extra special." It is supposed that this is quite a modern excuse for the decay of the reading of literature; and sighs are deeply breathed for the time when "Clarissa Harlowe" was deemed too short, when "Evelina" was voted brilliant, or when nobody found the Waverley Novels tiresome. And yet, since we began to have a prose literature, this complaint has always existed, and the melancholy Butler, as far back as 1614, puts it with concision from the other point of view. He says of the majority, "if they read a book at any time, 'tis an English Chronicle, 'St. Huon of Bordeaux,' 'Amadis de Gaul,' etc., a play-book, or *some pamphlet of news*." After all, then, it appears that the major part of the reading public has been perennially interested in current events, and the man who says he can't find time to read literature because it is a social duty to be acquainted with news, makes a virtue of mere curiosity, like any Greek frequenter of the Areopagus or Jacobean subscriber to the "Staple of News." But here is a book that should be welcome to the most avid devourer of late editions. It comes to him in the charming form which Mr. Stott has given his Library; it is recommended by Thackeray, has a good introduction by Mr. W. H. Bennett, and, above all, it is a specimen of the special correspondence of 250 years ago. Information, however old, presented as news, is never stale. "The Familiar Letters of James Howell" are as fresh to-day as a leader of Mr. Beatty-Kingston's or a chapter from Mr. De Leon's "Recollections."

We live in changing times, and the functions of foreign embassies are now in a large measure performed by the press. The newspaper correspondent is the ambassador of democracy; courts and kings, workshops and artisans, he visits them all, and reports to his sovereign, the people, in the dailies. Mr. Beatty-Kingston is one of the ablest and best-known of these unofficial envoys. During a journalistic career of a quarter of a century, he has visited many nations, met many men, and seen many things. He has already given us several collections of what he calls "journalistic flotsam and jetsam," all of it worthy of salvage. The first of these two new volumes, while showing evidence on every page of the author's strong and admirably trained powers of observation, is derived more particularly from the study of the world of books; in the second the world of men is the special subject. Mr. Beatty-Kingston claims attention for his "Journalistic Jottings" on account of their accuracy as records of fact and their veracity as expressions of opinion: we can further recommend them as always entertaining, instructive, and pleasant to read.

On the whole, we are glad that Mrs. De Leon, as the author tells us in his dedication, persuaded her husband to write his Thirty Years' Recollections.

At the start a limitation of view, hardly to be expected from a man who has seen so much of the world as Mr. De Leon, grates on the reader somewhat. A certain Dr. Cooper was a materialist, and more than Voltairean in his creed; "but," says Mr. De Leon, "a purer or higher life no man ever led than he; a strange contradiction which I have also seen subsequently in other professed infidels." Surely it is now well enough known that creed has often little to do with conduct; indeed, it has been roundly asserted that mere creed never yet influenced conduct except for the worse. In the second chapter, defending slavery as it existed in the Southern States, Mr. De Leon says, "Strange as it may sound to foreign ears, the sympathies of the slave were on the Southern side; and the whole history of the war, and the attitude of the negroes throughout, corroborate this startling statement." Why startling? If the white man, with his superior education and absolute ownership of the negro, had not succeeded in inspiring him with an unfaltering belief in the old order—*that* would have been startling: the fact that the negro adhered to his master's view is proof that emancipation did not come a day too soon. Again, Mr. De Leon says, "During the war helpless families of women and children were entrusted to the care of the negroes, while the men and youths were far distant for months together with the army; and I never heard of a single instance in which that trust was abused. This proves not alone the fidelity of the negro, but his affection for his master's family;" and, above all things, we add, his right to emancipation. Just as we are about to forget and forgive the author's attitude towards slavery in the interest excited by his adventures in Nauvoo, the original holy city of the Mormons, we are repelled by a monstrous comparison which he institutes, all in good faith, between the prophet of the Latter-day Saints, Joseph Smith, and Oliver Cromwell. Many people, to their misfortune, know what it is to be led by the nose, but to be led by another man's nose was the fate of Mr. De Leon. Joseph Smith had a large, broad nose, and so had Oliver Cromwell; hence—the Pyramids, or anything you like. But this is our last adverse remark. During his Consulship in Egypt and his diplomatic visits to Palestine, England, and France, his enterprise, tact, and daring carried him through many difficulties with distinction as well as success. His accounts of some stirring events in the East, in which he was the principal actor, of blockade-running, and of his more peaceful doings in Europe, are written in a light, agreeable style; but the most interesting portion of these recollections tells of the men Mr. De Leon met—Hawthorne, Longfellow, Burton, Lord Palmerston, the Duc de Morny, Napoleon III., Laurence Oliphant, and Thackeray.

ADVENTURE STORIES.

1. Kibboo Ganey: or, the Lost Chief of the Copper Mountain. By Walter Wentworth. London, Edinburgh and New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. 1890.
2. A Baffled Vengeance: a Tale of the West Indies. By J. Evelyn. London: Eden, Remington & Co. 1891.
3. Against Heavy Odds: a Tale of Norse Heroism. By Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1890.

THE younger inhabitants of the temperate zone are not unnaturally inclined to look elsewhere for the climate of their favourite stories. Between the Polar Seas and the tropical forests the land is for them barren of interest; unless, perhaps, that interest is borrowed from a past epoch when men tilted in tournaments and swore curiously. The boy who loves romance better than sport—and there are some such boys—frequently grows up with a more accurate knowledge of the habits of the boa constrictor than of those of the fox-terrier. A real England is less to him than an imaginary Africa. But more often boys are inclined to make the best of a country which has fallen into a state of civilisation, and, while lamenting the scarcity of tigers, to find consolation in the destruction of rats. The school of Mr. Rider Haggard offers, perhaps, no especial attractions to adults who have tasted of the works of Mr. Thomas Hardy; but if a boy asserts that he does not like stories of adventure, there is every reason to fear that he is a foreordained prig.

The first point which strikes the reader of "Kibboo Ganey" is the irritating character of the author's chatty and confidential style. "Still, between ourselves," he says on one page, "I don't mind whispering that highly developed as Jack's intellect is, it has not yet reached this high point; and I suspect that the book in question is the one that Ted was reading yesterday." Speaking of his first chapter in the course of it, he is ill-advised enough to explain: "It is intended to make you, reader, feel as if you really knew these friends of mine." Probably the simplest and surest method of preventing a story from conveying any impression of reality is to commence by an appeal to the reader to pretend that the characters and incidents are real. The rest of the book contains the usual materials of the usual story of adventure. There are sand-storms and serpents, capture and escape, the faithful negro, the floating island, and the happy conclusion. But the story would have been more exciting if the identity of "Nap," the faithful negro, had not been revealed by obvious hints at an early stage of its progress. The negro is not merely a Christian, a lost chief, and a colonel's devoted servant; he also practises hypnotism. Put a scientific article into a monthly review, and sooner or later slight traces of it will percolate through into the literature of the nursery. In the first number of THE SPEAKER we found in a book for boys some use made of its author's ignorance of hypnotism; and apparently it is still considered advisable to interest young people in the subject.

"A Baffled Vengeance" is a story of the early part of the present century, before slaves were emancipated. The scene lies in a small West Indian island. This island was divided into three estates, just as all Gaul was divided into three parts, and of the three cotton-planters who owned them one was very bad, a kind of Legree, and one was very good. The third, with a fine perception of the charm of variety, was indifferent. The son of James Austerley, the good planter, assisted some of the slaves of Duncan Ross, the bad planter, to escape. Duncan Ross replied by "lifting" some cattle belonging to Austerley. Then the good planter tried remonstrance, the bad planter resorted to personal violence, and a good deal of very pretty fighting followed. The author lacks the power and vigour which are required to present the incidents which he describes, but the story is not altogether uninteresting. One of the characters reads a first edition of "Marmion," which has just appeared; and this will enable anyone who is curious on the point to fix the time of the story more precisely. It is a sensational tale of no very remarkable merit, but it is short; on the other hand, it is illustrated.

"Against Heavy Odds" seems to us to be a capital story for boys. Ingomar, the hero, is the son of a man who has been brought to poverty by a peculiarly mean villain. When Ingomar seems likely to restore the fortunes of his house by a clever invention, the villain does his best to thwart him and secure the profits of the invention for himself. The contest ends in a race to the Patent Office. The invention, which we gather from a footnote has been already made, was intended to prevent whales which had been harpooned from sinking. The interest of the story is continuous, and some use is made of new material. The characters are not more conventional than young readers like them to be. On the whole it is a healthy and interesting little book, with no more love-making in it than is absolutely necessary to make the conclusion usual and satisfactory.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

ANCIENT records which still remain in manuscript, as well as two or three hundred half-forgotten books, have been consulted by Mr. Andrews in the preparation of his amusing volume on "Old-Time Punishments." He has gleaned his information laboriously in various cities and towns in the United Kingdom, and he gives us the result of his researches in thirteen lively and well-written chapters. In the Middle Ages the corporations of towns made their own regulations for punishing people guilty of offences which the laws of the land overlooked. The ducking-stool, the brank or scold's bridle, the pillory, and the stocks were in constant requisition, but such punishments differed greatly in various parts of the country. In some places, brewers of bad beer, and bakers of bad bread, as well as scolding women, were placed in the ducking-stool. It was no uncommon circumstance for offenders to be killed in the pillory, by the cowardly pelting which they received at the hands of the crowd. Lord Thurlow was a great believer in this mode of punishment, and described it as a "restraint against licentiousness provided by the wisdom of past ages." Pitt and Burke were opposed to its too frequent use, but as late as 1812 Lord Ellenborough "sentenced a blasphemer to the pillory for two hours once a month" for a term of eighteen months. Perjury was the last crime in England which was punished by the pillory, and for this offence the old torture lingered until 1830. It was not, however, abolished by Act of Parliament until the year of the Queen's accession. Sometimes it happened that authors and publishers were nailed by the ears to the pillory, and when their cruel penance was over their ears were frequently cut off, and left on the posts as a warning to other offenders. Defoe, Mr. Andrews reminds us, fared well in the pillory. He was a popular hero, and the crowd threw flowers at his feet instead of pelting him with rotten eggs. The closing pages of the book are filled with what Mr. Andrews terms gibbet-law, and he gives chapter and verse for his somewhat gruesome statements concerning the barbarous manner in which capital punishment was inflicted in those "good old times" which no reader of this book is at all likely to lament. There are a number of realistic woodcuts in the volume.

In the spring of 1889, Miss Violet Hodgkin formed one of a party of "Pilgrims in Palestine," and in a dainty and prettily illustrated little book of some two hundred and fifty pages she gives a modest but vivid description of her wandering in the Holy Land. With commendable good sense, she had read up during the "long dark nights of the rather dreary winter of 1888," Murray, Baedeker, and other authorities, including the "endless documents," for which the Palestine Exploration Society are responsible. She had met people who had returned from the East quite disillusionised, and others who spoke of their experiences in Palestine in the most glowing terms. The charm of the book consists in its naturalness and freshness, and in the manner in which the first impressions produced on the mind of a young and cultivated traveller by the sights and scenes of Palestine are reproduced. The usual quotations from Dr. Thomson, Dean Stanley, and Archdeacon Farrar are happily conspicuous by their absence, and no attempt is made to mix such learning as the guide-books afford with the quick observation and pleasant description of the young "pilgrim" herself. The book only deals with the surface of the subject, but it does so gracefully, and helps the reader to understand wherein the "Palestine of reality" differs from the Palestine of dreams.

Professor Sonnenschein, of the Mason College, Birmingham, has just published, under the title of "Ideals of Culture," two recent addresses to students. In the first of these admirable papers, he likens the mind to a house with many windows, and states that for a vital comprehension of truth it is better to look through one window thoroughly cleaned, than through a number which may give us different points of view, but which are obscured by error and prejudice. "To the young student especially, I would say—'Clean one of your windows; be not content until there is one branch of your subject—if it be only one branch—which you understand as thoroughly as you are capable of understanding it, until your sense of truth is satisfied and you have intellectual conviction. Be assured that in learning this one thing, you will have added an eye to your mind, an instrument to your thought, and potentially have learnt many things." No single science, asserts Professor Sonnenschein, can exhaust even the smallest concrete thing. A piece of chalk, for example, represents to physicists a certain group of forces; to the chemist, certain elements combined in certain proportions; to the geologist, a certain stage in the history of the earth's crust. Each science, in fact, consciously limits its view in order that it may give a more complete account of one phase of things—in short, it directs its energies into one channel in order to give force to the stream. In an interesting address on "Ancient Greek Games," stress is laid on the fact that it was characteristic of Greek education that it regarded physical development of equal importance with mental culture. It was the function of science and art to produce what Plato finely termed a "musical soul," and it was the province of gymnastics in their widest and most worthy application to produce a graceful body.

That handy manual of reference, "The Educational Annual," is gradually growing plethoric, a fate which soon or late overtakes all books which cram themselves with statistics. Mr. Johnson has not merely enlarged the scope of the volume, but has carefully revised its wide array of facts and figures, and has endeavoured to render his information about our public schools and colleges thoroughly authoritative, by an appeal in every instance to headquarters. We are glad to find that this list of our schools and schoolmasters is not accompanied by such advertising baits as "select neighbourhood," "gravel soil," "magnificent views," "lowest death rate," and similar expressions. The editor of this manual is a judicious man, and evidently has no wish to offend the susceptibilities of his scholastic correspondents, and therefore he blandly assures them in the preface that "owing to the exigencies of space" he is unable to insert this kind of information. The book gives a clear, concise, and comprehensive summary of the progress of education in the country, and of the seats of learning, big and little, which are scattered up and down the kingdom. By way of frontispiece to the volume there is an illustration of the Forster Statue on the Thames Embankment which was unveiled last August.

"Do you care for the violin, and are you a young beginner?" asks Mr. Raikes in the opening sentence of his dainty volume. "If so," he continues, "come with me through this little book; you may pick up something worth remembering." We venture to think that the "young beginner" might do worse than accept the invitation, for though "Violin Chat" falls short of a hundred pages, it is packed with curious facts and sensible directions. Antonio Stradivari, as all the world knows, made fiddles with leisurely, loving skill, which for shape, finish, and tone, have never been equalled. It seems that even an ill-used and repaired fiddle by this great maker—we had almost written master—cannot be purchased for less than £400, whilst it is impossible to obtain a genuine Strad. of the finest quality except in exchange for the respectable sum of at least £1,500. Pleasant gossip of the famous old makers and of the cities in which they plied their trade fill one-half of Mr. Raikes's pages. As for the rest, they are concerned with the formidable difficulties which confront the beginner when once he has set himself resolutely to the mastery of the noble instrument. The little book is very brightly written, and with knowledge as well as enthusiasm.

"Gleanings from a Ministry of Fifty Years" indicates almost sufficiently the nature of the Rector of Petworth's volume. Mr. Holland is wishful to place on permanent record some memorial of his pulpit work, and these fifty sermons are meant to show the characteristics of his ministry. They are brief, practical, and pointed. Calm in statement, clear in exposition, and earnest in appeal, they deal suggestively with Christian believing and living from many points of view.

"Children: a Book for Mothers" is so full of bright, sensible, and wholesome hints and advice, that we think the little volume deserves the praise which Miss Sarah Tytler, in a brief preface, bestows upon it. In a direct and explicit way, and, happily, without the least waste of words, a great deal of practical information concerning health, food, and the home culture of children, is conveyed. The book, in fact, is much more satisfactory than many larger and more ambitious treatises on the same subject.

*OLD-TIME PUNISHMENTS. By William Andrews, F.R.H.S. Illustrated. Hull: William Andrews & Co. London: Simpkin Marshall & Co. Demy 8vo.

PILGRIMS IN PALESTINE. By Violet Hodgkin. Illustrated. London and New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Crown 8vo.

IDEALS OF CULTURE: TWO ADDRESSES TO STUDENTS. By Edward A. Sonnenschein, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

THE EDUCATIONAL ANNUAL, 1891. Compiled by Edward Johnson. London: George Philip & Son, 32, Fleet Street. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

VIOLIN CHAT FOR BEGINNERS. By A. H. Raikes, M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square. Crown 8vo.

GLEANINGS FROM A MINISTRY OF FIFTY YEARS. By the Rev. Charles Holland, M.A. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row. Crown 8vo.

CHILDREN—A BOOK FOR MOTHERS. By J. L. Richmond, with a Preface by Sarah Tytler. London and Sydney: Griffith, Farran, Okeden & Welsh. 12mo. 1s.

NOTICE.

EDITORIAL COMMUNICATIONS

should be addressed to "THE EDITOR," and Advertisements to "THE MANAGER," at 115, Fleet Street, E.C.

The Editor cannot return Manuscripts which are sent to him unsolicited.

ADVERTISEMENTS

should be received not later than THURSDAY morning.

Applications for copies of THE SPEAKER, and Subscriptions, should be sent to CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION BY POST—

Yearly	£1 8s.
Half-yearly...	14s.
Quarterly	7s.